

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLIX No. 2071

London  
March 5, 1941



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION IN THE  
UNITED KINGDOM

For conditions of sale and supply of THE TATLER and BYSTANDER see foot of last page

For quality buy

# JAEGER

You will find a Jaeger agent anywhere



## SANDERSON

*is a household word...*

★ WALLPAPERS · FABRICS · PAINTS ★

ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS LTD. Showrooms: 53 Berners Street, W.1 and 6-7 Newton Terrace, Glasgow, C.3

For  
**INFLUENZA  
& COLDS**  
SOLD  
EVERYWHERE  
**1/5 & 3/5**  
IN TABLET OR  
POWDER FORM  
**Cephos**  
Pronounced *See-fass* REGD  
THE  
PHYSICIANS'  
REMEDY  
**is safe and certain**

## HIGHLAND QUEEN

*Grand  
Liqueur*



MACDONALD & MUIR, LTD. - Scotch  
Whisky Distillers. Leith Glasgow, London.

## Grant's Scotch Whisky



"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

THE "ARETHUSA" IS STILL  
HELPING POOR BOYS TO  
BECOME GOOD SAILORS  
Many "Arethusa" boys are now officers  
in the Royal and Merchant Navies  
**IMMEDIATE FINANCIAL HELP  
VITALLY NEEDED**  
**THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES &  
"ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP**  
(Founded 1843)  
**164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2**  
President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, K.G.

**PRE-WAR QUALITY**  
**THE DOCTOR'S  
CEYLON TEA**  
2 oz. of The  
Doctor's Ceylon  
Tea goes much  
further than 2oz.  
of ordinary tea.  
**3/-**  
Harden Bros. &  
Lindsay Ltd. 30  
Mincing Lane,  
London, E.C. 3.  
**PRE-WAR PRICE**

## McVITIE & PRICE BISCUITS

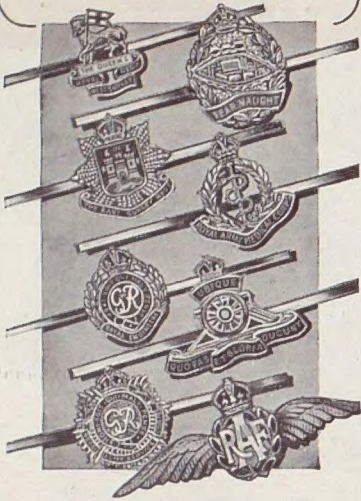
- ALL THE GOODNESS OF BRITISH WHEAT

Coventry St., W.1 **Cafe de Paris** GERRARD 2462  
OPEN EVERY DAY FOR  
**TEA DANSANT, DINNER AND SUPPER**  
ALWAYS LONDON'S FINEST CABARET  
ENJOY YOURSELF IN SAFETY 20 FEET BELOW GROUND  
Dancing to  
**KEN (Snakehips) JOHNSON**  
and his West Indian Orchestra  
PERFECT CUISINE  
AT THE BAR  
**HARRY, World-Famous Barman**  
from **NEW YORK BAR, PARIS**  
- Direction: M. Poulsen - Manager: W. Charles



## Badge Brooches

The **LARGEST STOCK**  
and **FINEST BADGES**  
in **LONDON!**

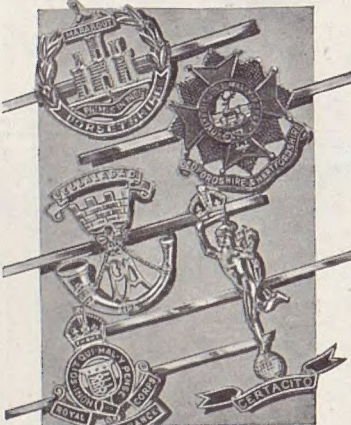


All Corps and most Regimental  
badges, as above, in 9 ct. **37/6**  
Gold, hand-enamelled

### Diamond-Set Brooches



Set in Platinum and Gold, hand-  
enamelled. Any design made to order.  
Coloured Sketches and estimates free.



Any English Regimental  
badge, as above, in 9 ct. **57/6**  
Gold, hand-enamelled

Also in 14 ct. Gold, hand-enamelled  
**£3-17-6**. Some Scottish and Welsh  
badges are a little more expensive.

### All Leading Regiments

are shown in our new **BADGE  
BROOCH LIST**, with full-colour  
illustrations. Please send for a copy  
of this interesting publication to

**CHARLES  
PACKER**

76-78 Regent Street, London, W.1

EST. 1787

Can one keep going on

# Snatched Sleep?

## A PROBLEM OF TO-DAY ANSWERED

**I**N normal times, most  
of us take our sleep in  
one stretch of six to  
nine hours.

To-day, tremendous numbers of  
people are taking their sleep in  
snatches.

Our soldiers and our air-raid  
wardens, our firemen and our  
"front-line" civilians—all are  
liable to find at times that a couple  
of hours' sleep is the most they  
can manage in one stretch.

How will this affect people?

To answer this question, we  
might ask another: "What makes  
man think he needs an unbroken  
stretch of several  
hours' sleep?"

Few animals are  
monophasic in their  
sleep-habits. Most  
are polyphasic;  
that is, they take  
their sleep in several  
"doses," alternately  
sleeping and wak-  
ing throughout the  
24 hours. So do we  
ourselves in infancy!  
Babies are not born  
with an instinct to  
take sleep in one  
stretch. And many  
are the great men  
who have relied on  
"cat naps" to keep  
young!

No; sleeping a solid eight hours  
or so, and staying awake for  
the other sixteen, is simply a  
social habit. On the whole it is a  
convenient and sensible habit  
because it saves artificial light  
and enables us all to synchronize  
our activities. But it is not a  
physiological need. Polyphasic  
sleep can be just as satisfactory  
as monophasic.

**T**HAT brings up the  
question of whether,  
if one takes sleep in  
snatches, one should try to  
make up a total of about 8  
hours in 24.

The Quaker Leslie said a hun-  
dred years ago: "Nature requires  
5 hours' sleep, custom takes 8,  
laziness 9, wickedness 11." And as  
recently as 1929, a reputable  
American scientist, Professor H. L.  
Hollingworth of Columbia Uni-  
versity, was advancing a theory  
that sleep is simply a silly form of  
stupor which is taken for granted  
only because everyone indulges in  
it; a vicious habit, worse than  
opium addiction or alcoholism; a  
scourge surpassing yellow fever or  
smallpox! How superior a race  
would be that would dispense with  
sleep, he said!

It was not a new idea. St. Francis  
of Assisi and many other religious

mystics, mindful perhaps of the  
biblical instruction against sloth,  
made innumerable attempts to  
dispense with sleep altogether. It is  
likely that some of their "visions"  
are attributable to this self-denial;  
modern experiments show that  
prolonged insomnia almost in-  
variably brings delirium and  
hallucination.

**S**T. FRANCIS himself  
was wise enough to  
suspect something of  
the sort. After his own experi-  
ments in doing without sleep  
he instructed the friars that  
each should learn how much food  
and how much sleep he needed to  
maintain himself in physical fit-  
ness, so that he might properly  
carry out his practical tasks.

Modern discoveries confirm the  
wisdom of this judgment. People's  
need of sleep varies. Each one of us  
must discover how  
much sleep is neces-  
sary to maintain  
alertness of mind  
and well-being of  
body. It is probably  
a great deal less  
than we think. It is  
certainly true that  
if we get the kind of  
deep, restful sleep  
that has been called  
1st Group Sleep, we  
can do with far less  
than if we get the  
shallow, unsatisfy-  
ing 2nd Group Sleep,  
or lie awake worry-  
ing as people in the  
3rd Sleep Group do.

In practice, this  
question of "level" is the most  
important aspect of sleep, and  
variations in the sleep "level" or  
depth are the whole explanation of  
the familiar fact that one can  
sometimes wake tired, unrested,  
even after a long night's sleep.  
This occurs when the quality of  
the sleep is wrong. It is most im-  
portant to get 1st Group Sleep.

This is especially true nowadays  
and true, above all, for those who  
must do on short rations of sleep.  
The great value of Horlicks is that  
it helps you to get 1st Group Sleep.  
Hundreds of thousands of people  
have found that when they have  
Horlicks last thing they go to  
sleep quickly and sleep profoundly,  
restfully, all night.

**I**F you are in the 2nd or  
3rd Sleep Group, you  
would be well advised to  
start taking Horlicks immedi-  
ately. It is obtainable from  
two shillings a bottle and it  
can be made with water. After  
Horlicks you will not only wake  
refreshed; your whole nervous  
system will improve. It is impos-  
sible to have steady nerves unless  
one gets 1st Group Sleep. With it,  
one is alert, confident, energetic  
and far more able to resist illness.

That is because it is the true  
"healing" sleep.



You never think of  
**TRAFALGAR  
SQUARE**  
without  
**NELSON**  
NOR OF  
**STAINLESS  
STEEL**  
WITHOUT THE MARK





# THE TATLER

LONDON  
MARCH 5, 1941

and BYSTANDER

Postage: Inland 2½d. Canada & Newfoundland 1½d. Foreign 2½d.

Price: One Shilling  
Vol. CLIX. No. 2071



Katharine Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story"

After acting the high-falutin', dreamy, exigent wife in Philip Barry's comedy for a highly successful year's run on Broadway, Katharine Hepburn has played the part all over again for the screen. And again successfully—New York film critics and the Motion Picture Academy have both chosen her performance as one of 1940's best. This story, set against a high society background in Philadelphia, gives Miss Hepburn her first screen role for two years. Cary Grant as the husband she left because he couldn't live up to her austere standards, John Howard as her would-be second husband, James Stewart as a keyhole reporter, and Ruth Hussey as the last-named's girl friend are in the cast. George Cukor, who directed Miss Hepburn in *A Bill of Divorcement*, *Little Women*, and two more films, was in charge of *The Philadelphia Story* which is now at the Empire





# Way of the War

By "Foresight"

## Anglo-American Diplomacy

**L**ORD HALIFAX is taking a firm hold on the conduct of Anglo-American diplomacy. Messages reaching me from the United States suggest that the former Foreign Secretary is anxious to retain in his own hands all the most important reins and to be the final arbiter on what should, and should not, be done in what is, after all, a very wide field. In one direction at least, this may lead to something of a clash between the Washington Embassy and Whitehall—or, more accurately, Bloomsbury.

As Minister of Information Mr. Duff Cooper will shortly find himself obliged to justify in Parliament a very large increase of expenditure on the dissemination of British information in America. That, in itself, should raise no Parliamentary opposition. There are many who argue with great knowledge and force that we have been woefully slow in taking the ordinary present-day measures for instructing the American people about this war of ours—which they now recognise as this war of theirs also.

Where the trouble may arise is over the fact that the Minister in London who will account to Parliament for the money is to have no say in its expenditure, the personnel of the increased staffs to be employed or policy behind the information. These matters are to be under the exclusive control of the Ambassador and his staff.

## Lord Halifax's Authority

**W**HEN Lord Halifax agreed to leave the Foreign Office in order to undertake his present mission he obtained the Prime Minister's assent to the suggestion that he should remain a member of the War Cabinet and have direct access to No. 10 Downing Street. The result of this is that much of the business between the two capitals formerly conducted by cable from Foreign Secretary to Ambassador, and vice versa, is now done by telephone between Embassy and Downing Street. This may have certain merits. But in view of the great range of Anglo-American problems now existing or arising out of the conduct of the war one may question the wisdom of too much centralisation.

Reinforcement of the American Embassy in London is proceeding apace. The new Ambassador, Mr. John G. Winant, may be here any day, with Mr. Harriman, for production problems, and several more. Already there are more than sixty representatives of the U.S. Services in London, strengthening the existing excellent team of specialist attachés. To co-ordinate the work which they are trying to do there is only an overworked and understaffed department of the Foreign Office formed of officials with only the slightest first-hand knowledge of America.

In the circumstances one might expect to see a stronger organisation built up by Britain on this side of the Atlantic and somewhat less executive authority vested in the Washington Embassy.

## Admiral Leahy Opens Fire

**A**T Vichy the American Ambassador, Admiral Leahy, seems to have been asserting his personal influence to good purpose. According to a spokesman of M. Laval, Admiral Darlan

would have been willing to give M. Laval a place in the Government, but Marshal Pétain, hearkening to the advice of Admiral Leahy, decided otherwise. According to this account, which must obviously be taken with

a grain of salt, Admiral Leahy informed Marshal Pétain that America would regard the inclusion of M. Laval in the Government as "an unfriendly act."

Personally, I doubt whether Admiral Leahy used quite those terms. But he may have reminded the Marshal of the message he brought from President Roosevelt when he presented his letters of credence in Vichy. The effect of that was that if France wished to resume the fight for freedom she could count on the maximum support from the United States; if she felt obliged to collaborate more closely with the Axis there would be an end to any question of American relief supplies going to her succour.

Whatever may, or may not, have been said by the American Ambassador on this latest



## A Reception for the New Zealand Forces

Viscountess Cranborne, wife of the Dominions Secretary, was the guest of honour at a reception and tea dance held at the New Zealand Forces' Club. Here she sits at tea between Mr. W. J. Jordan, the New Zealand High Commissioner, and Miss Beatrice Lillie, who sang during the evening. Lord Cranborne now sits in the House of Lords as a baron, and has been succeeded as M.P. for South Dorset by Viscount Hinchinbrooke, returned unopposed in the by-election



## A Boxing Tournament for the R.A.F.

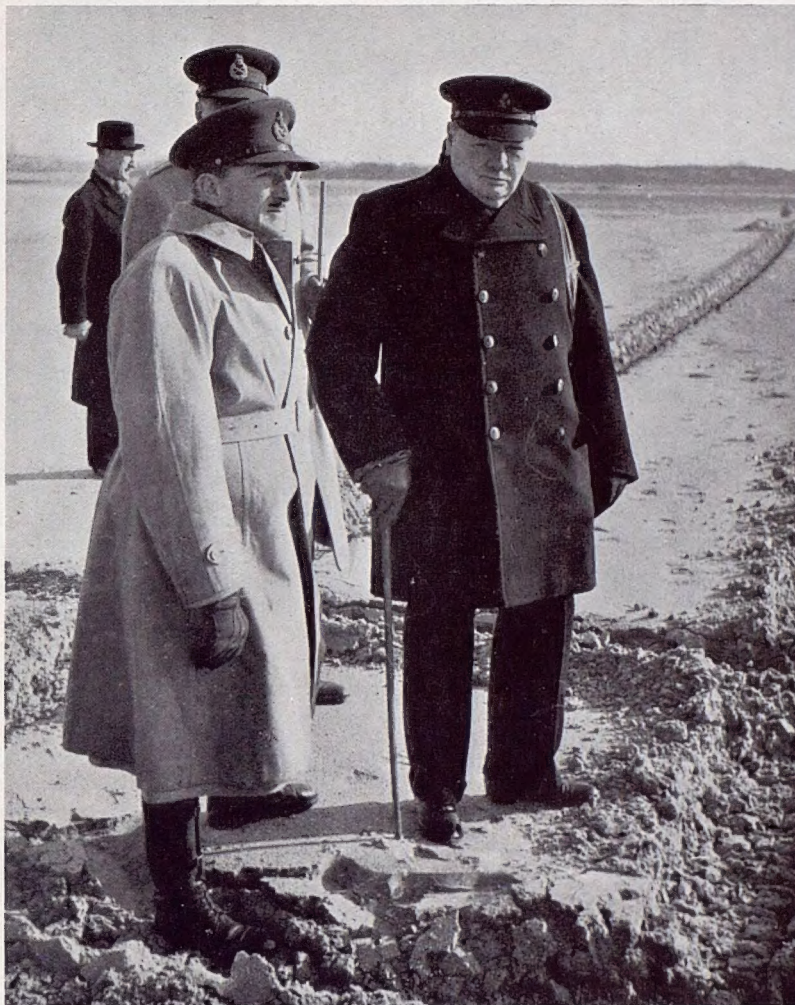
Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands (right) was one of the big audience that watched Lord Queensberry's boxing tournament at the Odeon for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund, and sat with the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage and Sir Philip Joubert. The display of first-class boxing which Lord Queensberry had arranged, plus "side shows" such as the sale for £1,000 of a signed photograph of the Prime Minister to a Canadian supporter (Mr. J. Bickle), brought in over £5,000 for the fund





#### D.S.O. for the King's Cousin

Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., was mentioned in dispatches last August, and awarded the D.S.O. in the New Year Honours. His skill in bringing two damaged destroyers of his flotilla, H.M.S. Kelly and H.M.S. Javelin, safely to port, gained him these honours. He left the Palace with his wife after being decorated by the King



#### A Demonstration for the Prime Minister

Mr. Winston Churchill, wearing the "active service" uniform, in which he generally visits the Army, Navy and Air Force—that of an elder brother of Trinity House—watched an anti-invasion demonstration somewhere on the south coast. With him on the beach, trenched and marked beyond the dreams of the most ambitious sandcastle building child, was General Sir Alan Brooke, C-in-C. Home Forces. Captain David Margesson, Secretary of State for War, also accompanied them

occasion, he is now being attacked by the German controlled Paris Press for interfering in French domestic affairs.

#### British Food for Spain

PART of the bargain for allowing the entry of British and American wheat into Spain was that due acknowledgment should be made in the Spanish Press of the source from which these sorely needed supplies were derived. That part of the bargain is being kept and one sees reports that the Spanish people in many areas are grateful. But that has not stopped other Spanish papers from continuing their attacks on Britain, declaring that they are not going to be deceived by the new British stratagem and would not be starving now but for British action. The incidence and consequences of the civil war are conveniently forgotten.

If he chose to do so Señor Suñer could prevent these organs of the Falangist party from pursuing this policy. But though Señor Suñer has trimmed his sails to some extent in his attitude towards the Axis, on one hand, and Great Britain on the other, there has been no real change of heart. Indeed, I am told that he has lately stated emphatically that, were Britain to suffer any reverse in the Mediterranean theatre he would promptly revert to his pro-Axis policy.

One meets people in London who are doubtful of the wisdom of diverting food cargoes to Spain at a moment when our own overseas supply position may become more difficult. But the quantities involved are not

great and the Spaniards are required to find the requisite shipping for bringing the cargoes to Spanish ports. Sir Samuel Hoare, who was responsible for the humanitarian policy in the first instance, still believes it to have been fully justified.

#### Wanderlust in Japan

TIME was when the Axis appeared to have the exclusive right on diplomatic wanderlust. In recent months British statesmen have shown that they too can move from one area of the world to another should it seem desirable to hold personal consultations on some special aspect of war policy. The Axis, operating on "interior lines," could afford to announce in advance an impending journey of some notable, such as Hitler or Ribbentrop, Mussolini or Ciano, to hold conclave with one another.

British statesmen, as we have seen, although obliged for the moment to travel on the Outer Circle, can similarly proceed from one part of the Allied front to another for important conferences. Now we learn that the Foreign Minister of that other island kingdom, Japan, contemplates an extensive journey for conversations in the capitals with which he has led his country into alliance, or hopes to take out insurance policies, in short, Mr. Matsuoka is setting out for Rome, Berlin and Moscow.

There is, of course, nothing to prevent a country going to war because its Foreign Minister happens to be on tour at the crucial moment, for example, Ribbentrop was enter-

taining half London in Carlton House Terrace at the time when German forces were about to march into Austria. But matching common sense with information, we may probably reach the conclusion that the threatened extension of hostilities to the Far East have been averted, at least until May.

#### Mr. Eden in the Balkans

IT is interesting to reflect that Mr. Anthony Eden's first visit to Egypt as Secretary for War—his first had been as Dominions Secretary—has made possible his present and perhaps most important trip to the Eastern Mediterranean as Foreign Secretary and a member of the War Cabinet. When he was in Cairo last October he planned with General Sir Archibald Wavell the attacks against Italy in Libya and Abyssinia which have met with such striking success. They have, as we all know, virtually knocked Italy out as a fighting power—not, of course, forgetting the magnificent counter-offensive of the Greeks in Albania—and have compelled Hitler still further to spread his man-power by taking over control of the Italian people and forces.

The Imperial and Allied successes in Libya have exceeded even the most optimistic estimates, so far as time-table is concerned. General Wavell's armies completed the occupation of Cyrenaica at least three weeks earlier than could have been anticipated. With the Italian forces of North Africa in hopeless disarray it became possible to reduce the Imperial effort in that area and to direct attention to the new Axis menace to the

(Concluded on page 366)



# Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Love, la Dietrich and Two Hemispheres

"THE nobleness of life," said Antony embracing Cleopatra, "is to do thus." The hero of Flaubert's great novel, *L'Education Sentimentale*, closes the book with the declaration that the best of his youth was bound up in the joys of an establishment for which "café" would be too polite a word. Combine the two and you get the essence of Marlene Dietrich's new picture *Seven Sinners*, now showing at the Odeon. The chief occupation in the islands of the Pacific seems to be to do "thus."

And here I want to make a point about all this film star's pictures in this vein—their cool, calculated insincerity. The daughter of the governor of the island principally concerned—principally because la Dietrich is invited to leave them all in turn—asks who the extraordinary creature is whose expenditure on dresses and jewellery would bankrupt a city. She receives the reply: "Just human backwash, Miss Henderson." What I want to know is how Bijou, for such is the lady's name, contrives to come by all this gear, which Cora Pearl herself could hardly have collected in the time. And Cora queened it over Paris in the days when gallantry was at its most riotous and expensive, whereas Bijou is merely a café singer in a hugger-mugger, one-rickshaw port kept going by the occasional visits of the American Fleet. Will somebody please tell me who pays for the twenty thousand pounds' worth of finery Bijou automatically acquires within three weeks of being deported

from one island and being landed naked, so to speak, on the next.

If all the ship's officers handed over all their pay, and if Bijou worked more hours than an English railway-station barmaid in the 'nineties—it was to remedy this monstrous state of overwork and underpay that Mr. Shaw wrote *Mrs. Warren's Profession*—the thing could not be done. And again there is the odd fact that Bijou is never seen plying her trade. She has plied it in the past—how she loathes that past!—but in the present virgins could not be so virginal. Then whence come the dubs?

It is, of course, the film audience which accounts for the anomaly. It does not want to see Bijou as she really is—the grasping, and occasionally sentimental prostitute Mr. Somerset Maugham would make her. Instead, we get the familiar figure heading, not for disease, poverty and a hideous old age, but for the sheltering bosom of some strong man who has been hanging around the edges of the film prepared to forgive frailty if the lady will forget it.

BE it said that these are reflections which occur to one after one has left the cinema, and not while one is sitting entranced at the sheer technical virtuosity of a brilliant artist who gives the lie to the notion that film acting is merely a matter of photography.

The dressmakers gave Miss Dietrich clothes, but did not teach her how to wear them.



"The Long Voyage Home"

John Wayne is a Swedish sailor who wants to leave the sea, and Ward Bond is Yank, another A.B. in the ship on which "The Long Voyage Home" takes place. John Ford produced and directed the film which is based on several Eugene O'Neill stories and which is in the running for the 1940 Academy screen award. It is now at the Gaumont. John Wayne is also hero of "Seven Sinners," Marlene Dietrich's new film (pictures in last week's issue) which shares Mr. Agate's review here with "The Long Voyage Home"

(She is the only woman I have ever seen in trousers who has not looked ridiculous.) The make-up men gave her the illusion of beauty, but did not teach her how to preserve the mask intact. The cameramen shot her from this and that angle, but gave her no inch of her poise. Nature gave her the voice of a street singer, but it was the Dietrich who realised that for the purpose of sensuous appeal this kind of singing is streets ahead of any other.

In the present film she deploys her great talents for everything they are worth. The story? Just the old one all over again, except that it is news to me that a captain in the American Navy will, in order to get his best lieutenant out of a scrape, send his ship to join the autumn manoeuvres.

Is *Seven Sinners* a good film? I can only say that the two hours pass like twenty minutes, and that it ends with one of the grandest fights in the history of the cinema. The photography is excellent, and there is a lot of that sunshine which must be the despair of Elstree.

WHATEVER faults may be found with *The Long Voyage Home* at the Gaumont, this picture is free from falsities of the kind we have been talking about. It contains no female character of importance, but the half-dozen blousy trulls who figure in it at the end are of the unappetising sort, whose cheap finery is so admirably suited to the scenery of Limehouse and Wapping. But at least one feels that they render some service in return for the wallets they pinch, which the Bijous do not. This means that the film is, in essence, sincere.

Personally, I don't very much mind that it has been made by sticking together four of Mr. Eugene O'Neill's stories which were never intended to cohere. I do not believe in taking the highbrow angle on purely commercial undertakings like this film.

Sufficient for me that I am interested in the honest Swede who has tried so often to give up the sea and return home to his country, farm and mother. Up to now he has always failed, and I confess to being desperately anxious that this time he should not fail. I find myself interested in half a dozen other of the film's characters, and getting to know them as though they were real people. This being so, what does it matter if they do not fit very well into a story which begins in the Caribbees and ends via something about spymania in the last war, in a crimping den in the East India Dock Road?

And in any case I bethink me of Mr. Curdle and that quality of dovetailedness which he laid down as the first rule for drama. This film shows that rule functioning at very high pressure indeed, with the doves working overtime.

JOHN WAYNE, as the Swede, gives a first-class performance. He is also the lover in Marlene's new film, and his brand of wistfulness, plus breadth of shoulder, should take him far. Wilfrid Lawson does well, though he has no part, and Ian Hunter does his best with the preposterous Englishman who prefers his children to think him dead rather than drunk. But Smitty is the exception, not the rule, and the film is sincere when once we leave the Caribbees. I will NOT believe that a crew consisting of the sweepings of the world's foulest ports goes into a state of delirium at the prospect of a boatload of bumboat girls offering bananas in return for a chaste salute in the neighbourhood of the eyebrow. I think this part of the film should have been a little more shocking.

It gave me peculiar pleasure, however, to read in the pre-view programme: "Freda, a London pub girl." Why not "Bijou, a Honky-Tonk pub girl?" But I grow irreverent.





*Transformation of a brilliant young writer and dandy into an empire builder is begun when Lord Melbourne (Frederick Leister) persuades Disraeli his place is in politics*



*Queen Victoria is played by Fay Compton*

## "The Prime Minister"

John Gielgud plays Benjamin Disraeli  
with Diana Wynyard as his wife

1837 to 1878 is the period of this new film about Benjamin Disraeli which originally was to be called "An Empire is Built." John Gielgud as Disraeli, Diana Wynyard as his wife, Fay Compton as Queen Victoria head the cast. The film was made at Teddington during the autumn and winter, was produced by Max Milder, and directed by Thorold Dickinson. It will be shown at the Warner Theatre from next Friday



*"Peace with honour" was Disraeli's achievement at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, when his opponent in the struggle for Europe's political future was Bismarck (Lyn Harding, right)*



*Mrs. Disraeli gives Diana Wynyard one of the most important roles of her screen career. Mrs. Wyndham Lewis was a widow when she married the young Jewish politician in 1839, and was fifteen years older than her husband. (Note the satin sheets — unexpected luxury for an early-Victorian household)*



*"The perfect wife" shared every crisis and triumph of her husband's career until her death left him a lonely old man. Their last scene together, when he hurries from a Cabinet meeting to her deathbed to hear her tell him once more to have faith in himself, is one of the big moments of "The Prime Minister." Above, John Gielgud and Diana Wynyard have grown old as Lord and Lady Beaconsfield*



# The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

## *The Beggar's Opera* (New)

OF the three revivals of *The Beggar's Opera* which have been seen in London since the end of the last war, this one at the New Theatre is emphatically and immeasurably the best.

Sir Nigel Playfair's revival at the Hammer-smith Lyric took the town with its airs and graces. Here was a thing, and a very pretty thing. But who was the owner of this very pretty thing? If you guessed John Gay, you were caught out. The forfeit had to be paid. And paid it was, with a heel-toe-away-we-go, in ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces, and an appley-greenery-Frasery-scenery crocusy-yallery-Hammersmith-gallery winsomeness that left one sighing for a little more squalor and a good deal less spring cleaning.

MR. JOHN GIELGUD's revival at the Haymarket, in so far as it was swarthier, was more satisfactory. But for certain reasons, one of which appeared to be that it hadn't been done before, the period was changed from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century. This so shook the foundations of the structure that it subsided lopwise. Once again the modern theory that, if a piece is good enough, it can stand any number of monkey tricks, was completely disproved.

Another defect in this production was that, despite the Glyndebourne element in the cast, one did not carry away the music. Hazlitt has well written that "there is a severity of feeling, and a plaintive sadness, both in the words and music of the songs in this opera, on which too much stress cannot be laid."

MR. HERBERT MARSHALL's revival at the New is, as I have said, far better than either of its predecessors, and this is doubly

welcome because, passing into the repertoire of the Sadler's Wells Opera Company, this production is likely to be not for a season but for several years. Not only does it bring out the full, sweet strength of the music. It brings out also the full, salty satire of the book and recognises that these Macheaths and Peachums and Lockits all have blood in them.

In short, here for the first time in our experience, is the full, fine flavour we have longed in vain to taste. Once we get over the bowler hat in the prologue, which raises apprehensions that remain happily unfulfilled, no alien fancies are introduced; there is nothing miminy-piminy in the handling, no "fun for fun's sake," no attempt to revisualise the original as a ballet.

The scenery, or screenery, most sensitively conceived by Mr. Frederick Crooke, is as simple as it is ingenious, and the idea of getting the players to change it themselves, naturally and unostentatiously, never as a trick, always as an expedient, seems essentially right in an opera got up by beggars. The whole production achieves its period without for one moment being period-conscious like the Playfair production, which was so period-conscious that the date of the play was inscribed on the proscenium, or like the Gielgud production, which was so period-conscious that it selected a new date to sport with.

IF a choice had to be made, *The Beggar's Opera* would be far better performed by singers who cannot act than by actors who cannot sing. Fortunately, the Sadler's Wells Opera Company contains some very good actors indeed. True, Mr. John Hargreaves is not histrionically a patch on Mr. Frederick Ranalow or Mr. Michael Redgrave. Macheath is not an easy character to hit off, being



Powell Lloyd as the Beggar

(to quote Hazlitt again) "something between gusto and slang, like port wine and Brandy mixed." But Miss Janet Hamilton-Smith's Polly knows her business and is full of spirit. Miss Edith Coates makes a fine spitfire of a Lucy. And as for Miss Joan Cross as Mrs. Peachum, if this is not one of the most understanding, amusing and word-worthy essays in gin-sodden psychology ever presented since, or even in, the eighteenth century, then I have neither eyes nor ears.

Miss Cross may truly be set down as one of the few really first-class artists not merely in opera but in the theatre today. I do not know any one on the legitimate stage who would have acted this part better, or even so well. Every word she uttered told, and every step she took was an adventure.



Edith Coates as Lucy; John Hargreaves as Macheath, Janet Hamilton-Smith as Polly



Joan Cross as Mrs. Peachum

Sketches by  
Anna Zinkeisen





Sam Browne, resident singer in "Hi, Gang!", was guest artist for the week in a recent "Theatreland" broadcast



Lilli Palmer and Diana Wynyard are seen at the microphone giving an excerpt from "No Time for Comedy," in which they have toured the provinces



Walter Fitzgerald watched Rex Harrison trying his hand at the harp. By their expressions we wonder if the tune was "There is a Happy Land"

# Theatreland

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Keeping in Touch With the  
Current Shows by Wireless

The popular B.B.C. event, "Theatreland," takes place every Friday at 1.15, bringing to listeners excerpts of good plays, past and present. Raymond Glendenning arranges and produces these programmes, which give an entertaining commentary on the current theatre. "No Time for Comedy," a great success in the provinces and at several soldiers' camps, was recently broadcast, and so was "Rebecca," one of the most popular plays of 1940, also on tour



Raymond Glendenning, who arranges the weekly "Theatreland" programmes, takes Owen Nares and Peggy Ashcroft through a rehearsal of "Rebecca" before they repair to the microphone



Joyce Grenfell, of "Diversion No. 2," waited to broadcast one of her sketches



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

## Empire Tea-Dance

THE New Zealand Forces Club had a party in honour of Lady Cranborne. There was tea, followed by dancing until seven o'clock. Miss Beatrice Lillie sang, including a nice number about "Three Little Fishes," and a very happy time was had by the large crowd there, which included Lady Diana Cooper, in a most successful off-white felt hat.

Lots of New Zealanders, of course, and among lovely girls Mrs. Michael Lafone, with her sister-in-law, Miss Lafone. As Dawn Lazarre, Mrs. Lafone won a competition for the most æsthetically beautiful show-girl in America, and has decorated many of George Black's shows at the London Casino and the Hippodrome. She has a very pretty three-year-old daughter called Cherry.

The Club, which is in the Charing Cross Road, has a nice basement restaurant, and a good ground-floor room for dancing, with a gallery round it.

## Cocktail Party

MRS. DAVID DEAR'S Wednesday parties are always fun, and last week her friend Baroness de Rutzen was "at-home" with her. Mr. Dear, who was a barrister before the war and is now a soldier, makes Wednesday his day off, and their attractive house at 11, Lyall Street is full of lovely things, warmth and people.

Miss Ainley, daughter of the late Henry Ainley, is very pretty, and clever about hats; had a tip-tilted one transfixed by a quill like a spear; while Mrs. Graham-Griffiths peered out of loops of black lace, draped becomingly under her chin and up over the top. Lord and Lady Lymington were there, and Captain Dudley Forward, full of amusing stories and definite opinions.

## O.C.T.U. Fun

A LEADER of one of the O.C.T.U. establishments keeps on having jolly dances, to which hundreds of people go. Major and Mrs. J. A. Goschen were among those at one last week. He is a younger son of Sir William Goschen, and she was Miss Ursula Jervis, what is known as a "very good girl to hounds," and very attractive too.

Another attractive young woman is Mrs. Robin Fyffe, who went with her husband, and among the pretty girls were Miss Rosemary Henderson, who is a step-daughter of Sir Murrough Wilson, Miss Eileen Phipps, a niece of Lady Sybil Phipps and the Duchess of Gloucester, and Miss June Loraine.

Captain "Mike" Wardell was there; and of course lots of young gentlemen, including Messrs. "Mick" and "Pip" Bankier, amusing twins, David Bland, Anthony Schuster, Peter Crabbe, and "Bill" Bruce—all of these are going into the Guards quite soon.

## Pretty Fire Practice

THE Serpentine was beautifully decorated the other day by the activities of quantities of fire-engines lined up close together along both edges and making with their hoses a terrific archway of lovely white plumes of water. One day a fireman ought to get married, and take a boat-trip with his bride afterwards, beneath such a spectacular guard of honour.

Sunday was made more exciting by buses dashing through the Park, very smug in the usually forbidden territory. The reason was a joke that might have been serious—the discovery of one of the most enormous time-bombs that have ever been seen, that had apparently been lurking for weeks at the bottom of a quite small hole in front of the Hyde Park Hotel. It was thought that a little bomb had made the hole by exploding, and it was only at the end of rather drawn-out subterranean adjustments of pipes that traces of the monster were found, and it was prised out of the clay into which it had cosily sunk and removed to Hackney Marshes, where bombs go to die. Presumably this one was dead already, after so long, but it must have been beastly tackling it, and it certainly would have altered the aspect of Knightsbridge if it had gone off one day, while people were strolling placidly by, and workmen were



## London Wedding

Sir Martyn Beckett, Bt., Welsh Guards, was married at Chelsea Old Church to the Hon. Priscilla Brett, youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Esher, of Watlington Manor, Oxon. Sir Martyn is the son of Lady Marjorie Beckett, of Kirkdale Manor, Newton, Yorks.

warming their hands at braziers immediately over it.

## Seen About

PEOPLE continue to circulate, and there are still some women in decorative mufti—which doesn't mean that they are idle. At the Berkeley Grill, where there are now bricked-in, blast-proof walls, and Manetta, who used to be grill-room head waiter at the Savoy, the Marquise de Casa Maury wore black silk patterned with small diamonds of yellow and green.

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke were there; Geoffrey Toye, and Commodore Murray, who is in charge of all Canadian warships in European waters. Famous Rosa Lewis is sometimes seen away from her own famous hotel, where so much champagne has been drunk.

Mr. Alec Staveley-Hill (who has climbed up and down the ladder of rank, and is now Lieutenant again, after returning from France in the summer as Captain (acting Major), is stationed in the North, and, after terrifying escapes in France, has lately had his head cracked open by being driven into a brick wall while peacefully motoring in England.

Mr. Maurice Berkeley and Mr. Maurice Hirst are people who get about London; so do Mr. and Mrs. James Durran, and Colonel Ivan Davson.

## From Ambassador to Private

AT an Overseas League fork luncheon, Lieut. Joseph Lipski, former Polish Ambassador to Berlin, recounted the

(Concluded on page 334)



## Country Wedding

Captain Barrie Wilson, R.A., and Miss Aileen Hornung were married at St. George's Church, West Grinstead. He is the only son of the late Lt.-Col. R. E. Wilson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Wilson, now at Whyte Gates, Church Crookham, Hants. She is the younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. B. Hornung, of Ivor's, Cowfold, Sussex





Mrs. Anthony Eden, wife of the Foreign Secretary, was present at the wedding of her young half-brother to the Hon. Priscilla Brett. She was photographed with her uncle, the Hon. Rupert Beckett, before going to the reception held by Viscountess Esher at 21, Tite Street



After the wedding of Sir Martyn Beckett, Bt., and the Hon. Priscilla Brett, Baroness Ravensdale was snapped with her niece, Miss Vivienne Mosley, Miss Alfreda Huntington, the only bridesmaid, and Miss Rosalind Cubitt, only daughter of the Hon. Roland and Mrs. Cubitt, and granddaughter of Lord and Lady Ashcombe

## Wedding Guests

At the Marriage of Sir Martyn Beckett  
to the Hon. Priscilla Brett



The Hon. Alan Hare escorted the Hon. Katharine Ormsby-Gore, second daughter of the Rt. Hon. Lord Harlech and Lady Harlech



Mrs. Michael Menzies (formerly Miss Kay Stammers) left the church accompanied by Captain Nigel Fisher, Welsh Guards



Miss Carol Houston and Miss Rhona Wood were two attractive guests. Miss Houston is engaged to Mr. Brian Kent, Welsh Guards



Mr. H. Birkbeck, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Musker, and Mrs. Roderic Thesiger chatted outside the church. Mrs. Musker, before her marriage Miss Angela Fitzroy, and Mrs. Thesiger, formerly Miss Mary Rose Charteris, were both brides of last year



## Social Roundabout

(Continued)

thrilling and dramatic experiences which led to his giving up his post as Poland's Envoy and joining the Polish Army in France. After giving his views on Hitler's policy, he told the story of his escape from France after her collapse. Disguised as a French workman, and with two compatriots, he succeeded in reaching the French coast, and England, after covering nearly three hundred miles.

Sir William Max-Muller, former British Envoy, introduced the speaker. His soldier son, Major Charles Max-Muller, has just got married to a soldier's daughter, Miss Peggy Carey, whose parents, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Carey, live down in Wiltshire.

### House of Envoys

A HOUSE in London has just been reserved, for the Duration, for a group of Polish Envoys, formerly accredited to the Governments of Holland, France, Norway and Czecho-slovakia. The idea is to emphasise the continuity of diplomatic relations between the Governments of Poland and these Allies.

It was lucky for them all to fetch up in London, after some pretty tricky escapes. Their names are: Dr. Wacław Babinski, formerly at The Hague, and now appointed to Queen Wilhelmina's Government over here, with Mr. B. Sroczyński, who was with him in Holland, acting as First Secretary; Minister Felix Frankowski, Chargé d'Affaires in Paris until the collapse, and who lived in the famous Palais de Sagan in the Rue St. Dominique, and later in Vichy—he is a short man with a large forehead, and is keen on art, to the extent of having written a book called *Les Pensées sur la Science de l'Art*; Mr. Alexander Zawisza, Chargé d'Affaires with the Czecho-slovak Government; his assistant, Major Tadeusz Szumowski; and Mr. Władysław Neumann, accredited to Norway.

### Empire Luncheon

THE Empire Press Union was the reason for yet another Overseas League luncheon, and there were masses of people there, masses of speeches, and masses of Empire drinks to accompany the excellent wartime meal of chicken—our feathered friends seem to be dying for their country very freely at the moment.

Lord Croft spoke, and Major Astor, Mr. Pennian, of Reuters, Mr. Beverley Baxter, and, of course, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, whose usual introductory speech was more than usually amusing.

Mr. Beverley Baxter's was another light and amusing speech, and more concerned with the journalistic personalities there than the boggy ground of how we got our colonies, or resounding excursions into the past, indulged in by others of the speakers. Among Mr. Baxter's remarks were some amusing ones about Mr. Hannen Swaffer, who was there, complete in black satin stock and "all that lovely grey hair." Mr. Swaffer, his fellow-journalist declared, was his own oldest tradition, and a legend he had come himself to believe.

Among Sir Jocelyn's cracks was one about Sir Harry Brittain, who was actually the founder of the Empire Press Union in 1907. He accused Sir Harry of having a column and a half in *Who's Who*, all written by himself—to which Sir Harry replied, in his turn, that the whole of *Who's Who* is autobiographical, including Sir Jocelyn's own bit of space. All boys together, joking away as merry as could be.

### Concert

COLONEL LORD NATHAN, of Churt, who is director of the Eastern Command Welfare organisation, launched a new idea last Sunday, March 2nd. It is felt that there is a demand for "good" music among troops who are a cross-section of the community, and so a committee, of which Sir George Franckenstein is chairman, has been formed to provide it, and the concert in the Wigmore Hall on Sunday was a sample of what is to be provided, and was intended to raise funds for the subsequent



### Free Frenchman Weds

General de Gaulle attended the wedding of a member of his staff headquarters, Commandant Pierre Tissier, son of President and Mme. Theodore Tissier, to Miss Olga Elizabeth Birchenall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitelegge Birchenall, of Nice, France, and granddaughter of the Baronne Nicolas de Hastfer. The bride and bridegroom first met in the Cameroons during the war.

concerts to be given to the troops. Oda Slobodskaya sang, Leonard Hirsch played the violin, Kathleen Moorhouse the violoncello, and Maurice Cole the piano.

The popularity of such concerts has already been proved by some small ones arranged in association with Dr. Bullock, organist at Westminster Abbey, who first wrote to *The Times* lamenting the lack of such things.



Johnson, Oxford

### Conservative Club Dinner at Oxford

As is usual, there was a fine list of speakers at the annual Oxford University Conservative Club Dinner. Mr. Ronald Tree, M.P. for the Harborough Division of Leicestershire since 1933, and for six years Joint-Master of the Pychley Hounds, sat beside Lady David Cecil, only daughter of Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, and daughter-in-law of the Marquess of Salisbury.



Stead

### An Engagement Celebration

Miss Mary de Trafford, whose engagement is announced, celebrated the occasion with her fiancé at the Café de Paris. She is the second daughter of Capt. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Bt., and the Hon. Lady de Trafford. She is engaged to Mr. James Bowes-Lyon, Grenadier Guards, son of Capt. and Mrs. Geoffrey Bowes-Lyon. His father is a cousin of the Queen.





*The South Coast, or part of it, is the beat of Miss Molly Wavell, sister of General Sir Archibald Wavell. She drives a Y.M.C.A. tea-car round defence-posts in out-of-the-way places, delivering hot drinks and snacks wherever they are wanted*



*Sevenoaks provided the £450 for a physico-therapy mobile unit which has been handed over to the Red Cross by the Chartered Society of Massage and Medical Gymnastics. Lord Horder (centre), president of the Society, made the presentation. With him are Colonel L. D. Bailey, chairman of the Committee, and Miss B. E. Wilson, a member of the Council of the Society, who collected the money to purchase the unit*

## Service on Wheels

### Three Canteens and a Physco-Therapy Mobile Unit



*West Sussex is where Lady Claud Newall serves tea and buns to soldiers from a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen. She and her daughter (left), Miss Pamela Newall, are members of the W.V.S. She is the wife of the Duke of Abercorn's brother, who is Comptroller and Treasurer to Queen. Mary*



*Sussex and Surrey have found £250 recently for a Y.M.C.A. tea-car. The collector was Lady Eva de Paravicini, who is president of the Y.M.C.A. Women's Auxiliary in those counties. Here she talks to the two drivers of the van which has been named after her. She is the Marquess of Cholmondeley's aunt, and a J.P.; lives at Hove*



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Momma, what are machine-gun nests?"

FARMERS and skilled hayseeds generally having suddenly been discovered by the Ministry of Agriculture not to be the po' white trash the Race has deemed them ever since the Industrial Revolution, the Ministry of Transport is now discovering that those of the canals of England which are still possible are of enormous value as traffic highways.

The railways killed most of the canals a hundred years ago, when Steam introduced the Millennium, as more than one bland whiskery egg of the period proclaimed in prose and verse alike. Long remote stretches of them are weedy, desolate, bird-haunted and beautiful, some choked and derelict, like the Thames and Severn, others still navigable, like the Kennet-and-Avon, which at Devizes gives you—according to Sir John Squire, the eminent canoeist—one of the finest views in the world; the canal drops 200 feet in a mile, and you look down a sheer precipice of twenty-nine successive locks into the Avon Valley.

The Grand Union Canal is an arterial road, so to speak, already, and as ugly as they can make it. The Avon runs through the squalid backstage areas of Royal Leamington Spa, the British Homburg, which surprised Sir John more than somewhat, as well they might.

## Footnote

THE well-bred unawareness with which glossy watering-places ignore the foulness behind their façade has often moved us to mild admiration. A prominent ædile

of Brighton who has just died had a project for converting miles of gaudy sea-front into flowery boulevards at enormous cost, but so far as we know there wasn't a word in his scheme about the slums behind, where the race-gangsters live. We've never seen these mentioned even in a novel, except by Graham Greene, that realist, whose *Brighton Rock* must have given the local ædiles a tidy jolt.

However, as Slogger Wells has remarked, the Race can always make anything unpleasant disappear and cease to exist by firmly closing the eyes, a great comfort at any time.

## Rudery

"NEGROES begin at Calais," says a gibing French proverb directed against the Anglo-Saxon traveller and his traditional attitude to foreigners of every description, whom the French notoriously love. They'd have added point to it, we've always thought, if they'd used the word "niggers," the French for which we forget.

This word has just been banned by the B.B.C. as being offensive, and incidentally we observe that a sprightly little daily which lacks nobility continues to describe the countrymen of Aquinas, Michaelangelo and Dante as wops, which seems even more insulting coming from such a source.

POSSIBLY in the grand post-war world we hear so much about, everybody will

stop being so rude to everybody else. The Australians won't call the British pommies, and Americans won't call us limeys, and terms like mick, dago, frog, greaser, rosbif, wop, lunkhead, yid, boche, gringo, rasta, *et al.* will give place to sweeter, gentler modes.

The post-war world of 1919-39 was such a nervy, bitter one that chaps actually thought out new insults to hurl at people—e.g., the eminent Charles Maurras of the *Action Française*, who coined the word "météque" from the Greek. "Météque" (*metoikos*) means a foreigner domiciled in another country, paying taxes, but enjoying no rights of citizenship, and is derogatory. The cheaper French Press was soon using it as an equivalent to "scum," and hurling it at every foreigner in France every time the franc fell a point.

We'd personally have no objection to the retention of the French word godon, or godam, which is of honourable antiquity, and goes right back to the wars of St. Joan of Arc. We on our side seem to have had no recognised collective word for the French at that period, though it's possible that our men-at-arms may have uttered some reflection on the honour of French mothers from time to time, who knows?

## Trove

THE discovery of a hitherto unknown Da Vinci Madonna at Palermo would have fluttered the international art racket considerably in sunnier days, and given the critics a chance to do their stuff with tones and planes and values and all the rest of the hugaboo. In spite of a faint dislike of Da Vinci because (a) he fooled round inventing aeroplanes and (b) the tiresome Pater ran him, we devoutly wish it were possible for the boys to plunge into the customary free-for-all here and now, especially if a few little art-pontiffs took a whack on the snout, as often happens.

Leaving aside that recent enjoyable scuffle over the authenticity of those Giorgione panels at the National Gallery, there hasn't been a decent world-scheme, upheaval, or tohu-bohu over a work of art, unless we're foully mistaken, since Herr Dr. Wilhelm Bode, Director of the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, Berlin, discovered in the early 1900's the celebrated bust of Flora, by Leonardo da Vinci, which on examination turned out to have a gent's check waistcoat—or was it a pair of braces?—inside it, and to have been made by a chap in Portsmouth not long before, so competent critics affirmed.

(Concluded on page 338)



MAURICE M'CLOUGHLIN

"I want to change my butcher!"



*Pictorial Press*

## Mr. Menzies and His Family

Australia's Prime Minister said good-bye to his family a month or so ago, leaving them at their home at Victoria's Kew, while he crossed the world to speak for Australia in Britain, and to take back Britain's gratitude and greetings to the great Commonwealth of the Southern Hemisphere. Robert Gordon Menzies, then a young barrister of twenty-six, and Pattie Maie Leckie, daughter of Senator Leckie, were married in 1920, and have two sons, Ken and Ian, and a schoolgirl daughter, Heather. In the private life that war wrests from statesmen, Mr. Menzies cares for art, plays tennis, and watches first-class cricket—he is a trustee of Melbourne's cricket ground. He went into

politics in 1928 as a Member of the Victorian Parliament, held several posts in that State's government; six years later became Kooyong's representative in the Australian Parliament, and got his first Commonwealth appointment the next year as Attorney-General. In 1939 he became Prime Minister, and holds three other portfolios: Co-ordination for Defence, Information, and Munitions. This calm, determined and supremely able man has given Britain a first-hand impression in every speech he has made over here that he is indeed representative of Australia's unity and resolution; we know that he speaks with the voice of the people he leads when he says: "Everything that we have, we venture upon this fight"



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

Stout Dr. Bode, backed by the All-Highest, refused to accept this odious explanation, and the Flora, so far as we know, is still labelled as by Da Vinci.

Which only shows something or other—probably that if they labelled the pair of braces "L. Da Vinci" as well, it wouldn't matter much to anybody.

## Charmer

LACK of current news about Mistinguett has prompted our fellow-hack "Beachcomber" to inquire of the circumambient inane what that indomitable sweetheart is doing nowadays. A rude joke about her age followed, as you might expect.

OUR information is that Mistinguett, unlike the brilliant and versatile Sacha Guitry, who apparently lost no time in chumming up with the high German Staff at Maxim's, still remains pretty French, as well she might, seeing how much French history has rolled over that dainty personality since the far-off day she said firmly to Molière, "Fifty per, or I and you are all washed up." She may not have taken so firm a stand as Maurice Chevalier, who is, or was, rooting openly for Pétain, but she is no soul-mate of the Boche, according to most recent advices.

A girl can trip tirelessly up and down a huge staircase in a whacking great plume of ostrich feathers and a broad smile without betraying her ideals, after all, though we guess the present state of the Bourse is worrying "Mis" not a little; for she was always a frugal girl, owning a lot of property, and careful of les petits sous.

IT'S not the comedy and leg-show boys and girls, but the intellectual French theatre which must be suffering most cruelly—the Comédie Française, for example. And Claudel, and André Obey and Henri Ghéon, and Jules Romains, and the chap who wrote *Amphytrion* 38, and Jacques Copeau, and the others, the flower of French culture, whose every waking thought is a challenge to bochery—what do they endure? And what do Maritain and Duhamel think as they open their eyes on yet another bitter day?

## Loonybin

AS a footnote to Mr. Charles Graves's remarks in the *Daily Mail* on the increasing traffic in occult, esoteric, astrological, "psychic" and other witchcraft and tomfooleries—the Road to En-dor is highly perilous, as every student of human folly is aware—we thought a passage in Kurt Ludecke's recent book on the rise of the Nazi Party rather apropos and a warning. He is speaking of his return to Berlin in 1932:

Only the news-stands told me that the country was still on the verge of insanity. . . . The superstitious Germany of the great crisis was opening its arms to every form of sensation-monger and charlatan, to fortune-tellers, astrologists, graphologists, chirologists, numerologists, phrenologists, clairvoyants, spiritists—all that occult lunatic fringe who can hear the growing of the grass.

AND one wonders again, with Mr. Graves, how families of the distinguished dead like reading about alleged "spirit-messages"

from Gladstone, Bonar Law, Asquith, and Joseph Chamberlain, vague, banal, and toshy as these invariably are.

Contrariwise, according to an authority in the *World-Review* lately, there is a marked slump in Satanism, which (did you know?) numbers a few faithful addicts among the Island Race as elsewhere. Maybe some of his ardent female fans are at last bored with the Old One's embraces, which—as appears from the curiously unanimous evidence in every witchcraft-trial we've ever read, from Scotland to the Basque country—strike a deathly, marrow-freezing chill, like a County cricketer's.

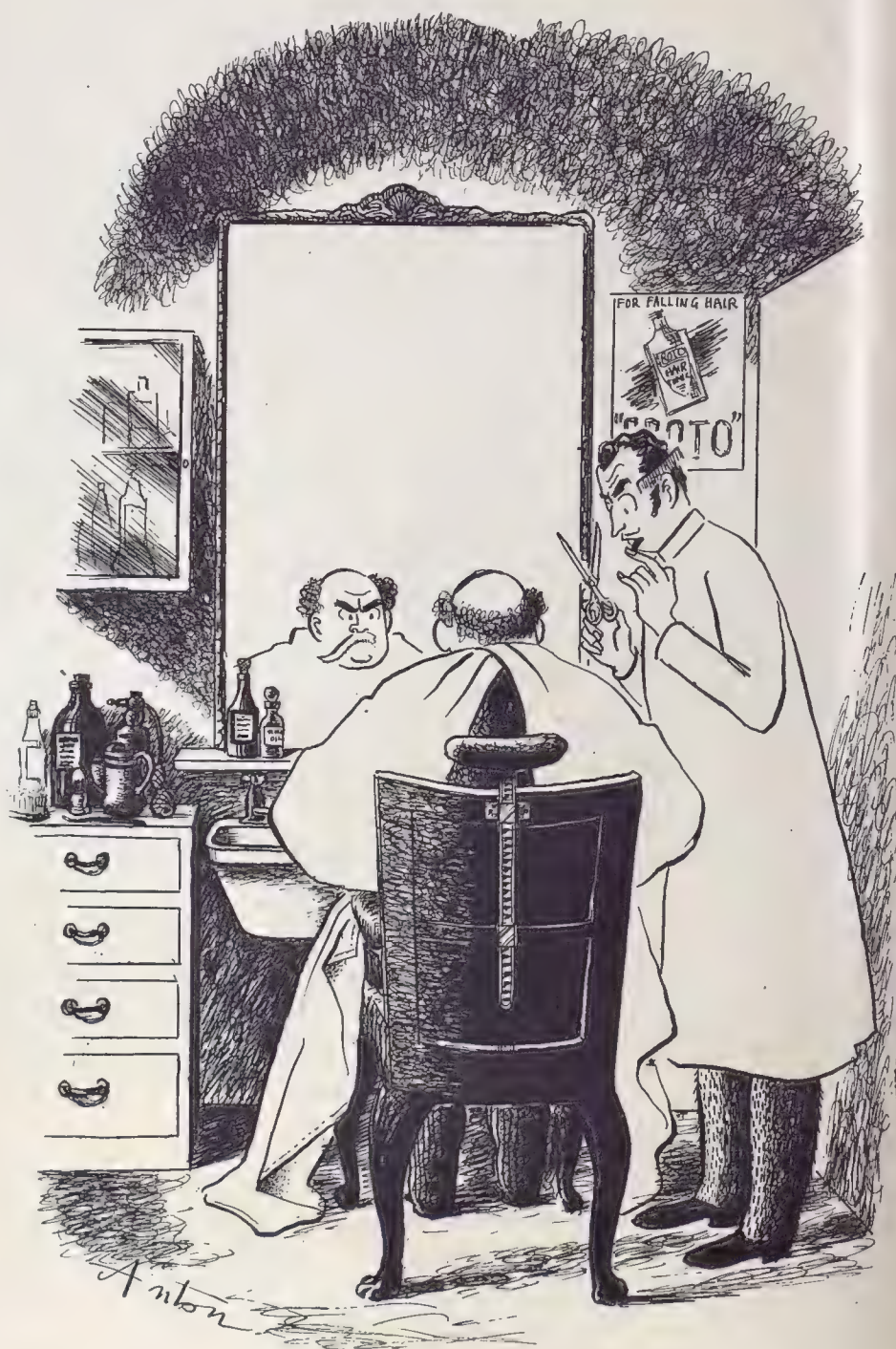
## Colyum

SOME of the more recondite personalities and allusions in that column which Mr. Walter Winchell, Broadway's *Enfant Terrible*, Wisecrack King, and Colyumist No. 1, is contributing weekly to the *Daily Express*, as a pro-British gesture, must be mystifying

the honest *Express* public somewhat, even with the glossary attached. However, it's a generous impulse, and will carry on that education in elementary Americana long since begun.

As New York newspaper columnists go, the recently deceased Heywood Broun is the only one who constantly impressed us; possibly because Broun, that vast untidy hairy lovable figure, laid about him so woundily that his paper used to introduce his column every day with a notice refusing editorial responsibility for anything Mr. Broun said (can you see that happening in Fleet Street?). The final gesture of the tumultuous career of this fighter, who called Harvard University (or Yale?) "Hangman's House" for its Principal's attitude in the Saccho-Vanzetti case, arousing yells of fury and indignation, was to die with the last rites of the Church.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I'm terribly sorry, Sir—but I assure you it won't happen again"



# Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“At 3 a.m. this mornin’ I found the prisoner tryin’ to play ‘There’ll always be an England’ on a war drum with an empty Chianti bottle. On arrest, ’e told me to go to—El Wak, ’e says ’e said”



# With Silent Friends

By Richard King

## Two Lives in One

THE tragedy is not that we are born and die alone, but that all through life we are our own solitary companion, pretend to ourselves and to others though we may. Often we cheat ourselves into the belief that we have found communion, but—well, it may only be a series of very little things—sooner or later we find ourselves marooned on an island where we are just as alone as if we had never met nor ever parted from anybody all our life long.

I know there are people who think they know other people as well as they imagine they know themselves. Mothers who think they know their children. Husbands who think they know their wives. Wives who believe that from A to Z their husbands are a kind of open book. Friends who will place their eternal salvation, so to speak, on the steadfastness of that friendship. Lovers who feel that nothing in heaven or upon earth can ever part them, since love has made them eternally one. Time passes, however, and in that passage of time the whole sad revelation is brought home to one of the actual loneliness in which we all live. The wise elderly accept it; resignation being too often merely despair smiling with its back to the wall. Say what you will, the unselfish know a solitude which the selfish never experience in all their selfish lives.

It is as if we all led two separate existences, in some the separation being more definite than in others. One, which is the more actual, is never known except to ourselves; the other is a kind of brave façade which we present to the outside world and often also to ourselves—until in some secret, pitiful moment, when we are alone, the whole pretence comes toppling down. Happily it doesn't crush us. We simply set out to build it all up again, and, as the metaphorical pieces are there, it can be only a matter of time, brief or prolonged, before we are ready for the fray of life once more. Nevertheless, we can rarely get nearer to a person, or they to us, than a few good guesses. And we guess as often wrong as we guess right.

And that is why we are sometimes less alone when we are quite alone, and perhaps the reason why, if we would keep a sense of proportion and emotional sanity, we should seek solitude for a little time each day. Some secret chamber of the mind and soul where, in peace, we can find knowledge, bitter, sad, or happy, as the case may be, which will enable us to go forward with a little more self-reliance. And, heaven knows, life needs all the self-reliance we can muster. Something, for example, of the self-reliance—spiritual as well as physical—which makes *England is My Village* (Faber and Faber; 6s.), by the late Flight

Lieut. J. Llewelyn Rhys, such an inspiring and, at the same time, such a sadly moving little book.

## Tragedy Which is Never Bitter

FLIGHT LIEUT. RHYNS was killed in action on August 5th, 1940. Perhaps you will remember the two novels he wrote—*The Flying Shadow* and *The World Owes Me a Living*—excerpts from which are included in *England is My Village*. Otherwise the book contains the last stories he wrote: haunting stories; especially in these days, when each episode forming the theme is to be encountered wherever there are flying-men and machines, laughter and glory and death.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the book is the revelation it gives of how a man with, so to speak, flying in his bones, was gradually merging into that side of his nature the elements which make a great writer. It cannot have been easy. On the one hand the complete concentration on the pure mechanism of flying, with all its cold, hard, necessary calculation; its aloofness from emotionalism, since emotional thinking would stand in the way of the tautness of eye and nerve required in the hours of darkness and the encounters at any moment with an enemy in deadly action. On the other hand, the life of the



## Peer into Song Writer

Seventeen-year-old Lord Foley intends to make music his profession, and has already had one of his songs, "London, I Cannot Leave You," broadcast by Bêbé Daniels in "Hi, Gang!", and another, "Deep Down in the Heart of Me," is also to be launched by Miss Daniels. He succeeded as eighth Baron in 1927 when he was four. His mother, formerly Miss Minoru Greenstone, of Johannesburg, is herself a talented pianist

mess-room, the pubs, the girls, the home-leave, the wild gaiety; every form of relaxation which helps to keep a man human and companionable and sane.

In each direction of his diverse experiences and knowledge, mechanical and spiritual, Rhys passes as naturally as if they must both form a perfect story of the truth. As, indeed, they do! So the stories achieve an actuality which has all the beauty, as well as the sadness, of things lived through towards whatever end they may lead. And this, after all, is the only way to tell anything of life whatsoever.

## The Shadow Behind the Laughter

SUPERFICIALLY, some of the stories are almost gay. Yet behind all the gaiety there lurks a shadow which throws it into a haunting relief, and makes them something much more moving and vital than the incidents related. Sometimes this shadow becomes almost intolerable, and yet, honestly, one would not wish it less deep, knowing what life is and what war is.

For example, the story of the flying instructor who struggles so desperately to get back his nerve after a pupil, paralysed by the experience, loses control and brings the 'plane down in a spin. And of the eager youth who, in his second solo flight, breaks his back and dies in hospital. And the thought behind the thought which haunts the bomber who, looking out of his cabin, notices the mechanical perfection of his machine, which is to bring destruction to every part of the inhabited

(Concluded on page 342)



## Photographer into Writer

Yvonne, the well-known photographer, of Berkeley Square, has written her autobiography, "In Camera," and it has just been published by John Gifford. For this self-portrait she chose as her camera stand, "Art Now," a book by the poet and author, Herbert Read



# Over the Sticks at the Cheltenham Meeting



Lady Sybil Phipps



Mrs. Eion Merry and the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton

Bogskar, last year's Grand National winner, making his first appearance this season, is seen second from the right at the start of the Tewkesbury Handicap Steeplechase, an interesting event at Cheltenham. He finished seventh. Major L. Montagu's Savon, carrying top-weight, ridden by G. Archibald, won by two lengths



Mrs. Gerald Hill and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Healing. The latter is a sister of Lord Petre, of Ingatestone Hall, Essex. She and her husband live at The Priory, Kemerton, Glos.

Major and Mrs. Michael West



Second Lieutenant and Mrs. K. Cameron were marking up their cards for the next race



Midshipman Roger de la Pasture, son of the Marquis and Marquise de la Pasture was with Mrs. V. W. Huntington





## With Silent Friends

(Continued)

globe. ("Pray God, he'd never have to fly one, with tons of death in its belly, over some darkened town while old men and women and children grovelled in trenches and cellars far below.") War overtakes them all. But in the interlude between one desperate encounter and another, there is the mess-room and the recreation and the jollity, and beyond it all and in the midst of it all, the unspoken knowledge that in a little while each man will be out once again on the supreme and incalculable adventure.

Yet one of the most moving parts of the book is the sketch of the writer's own life, written by Jane Oliver, his wife. In this there is no vestige of a haunting shadow. Just the picture of a man, loving his job, eager, enthusiastic, fearing nothing because he will have no truck with fear; indeed, dared not do so. Yet one of the deepest shadows of all haunts the imagination even here, by making one wonder what the author would have achieved in the way of living literature had not death robbed the world of his gifts.

Yes, this book will satisfy everyone who reads it. It may not be the whole message which the writer might have delivered one day, but at any rate he has spoken, and there is a reflection of what all decent youth is thinking, in his words.

### A Book of Trees

SOMETIMES I think that no town-dweller would ever have thought about trees unless a song-writer in America had

composed a song all about them, and it had been sung so often that almost it might be said every concert-listener found himself in the midst of a wood! Writing personally, I have always been a tree-worshipper; or was, until fate placed me in a position wherein it sometimes seemed I was being smothered by my gods! After which I realised that trees, being personalities like human beings, should stand, not in masses, but more or less alone.

All the same, every tree-lover will confirm Mr. Richard St. Barbe Baker who, in his interesting and beautifully illustrated book, *Trees* (Drummond; 10s. 6d.), declares them to be the most companionable of living things. They are so individual, so generous in their beauty, so full of varied charm and so unexacting in their demands upon our attention. Leave them alone and even a young tree asks but little preferential treatment. Since, however, in this country not very much is done to achieve this verdant benediction, he has founded the Society of the Men of Trees, and his book will surely encourage thousands of new members to join with him in his plea for a more enlightened policy towards the beauty he loves and knows so much about.

Incidentally, his lovely book proves how much there is to know about trees—if, for example, you study the subject from the woodcraft industries of Colesbourne, near Cheltenham, to the part they have played in mythology; taking in botany, landscape gardening, and arboriculture on the way. Moreover, the book is full of apt and beautiful quotations; though I imagine the general public will appreciate it most of all for the fifty exquisite illustrations of sylvan

photography which almost alone make it worth buying and keeping.

### Dream-Like

I SUPPOSE everyone has dreamed the kind of dream which includes a sudden and unexpected fortune; the nicest part of which is spending it in imagination. I don't believe any one of us would really spend it as we had intended, because an unexpected fortune—like winning the Irish Sweep—usually brings with it such a loadful of complications—from begging letters to the unheralded affection of relations. Moreover, everybody knows what everybody else should do when once good luck falls from the skies. Mostly they are our misfortune, which we have to solve as best we may. Nevertheless, Cinderella and all her variety of plot will always be popular, simply, I suppose, because the tale coincides with so many of our games of "let's-pretend"—that never-failing happy pastime.

So I can see great popularity for a novel called *Lake of Dreams* (Longmans; 8s. 6d.), by John Oxenham and Erica Oxenham. It is a version of the Cinderella story, but, of course, with many a snag which lucky "Cinders" never knew, who had only her relations to worry about.

Avis Munro is the heroine's name, and, quite properly, her life is pretty miserable. She is the secretary to the manager of one of those immense Oxford Street emporiums which cater for everybody and so seem to know nobody personally, nor appear very much to care. And she was terribly overworked. So what could be more lovely for Avis than the sudden offer of a large fortune, together with a chalet on the lovely Lake of Annecy?

But, alas! the fairy-tale proposition had a conditional clause attached, for the unknown philanthropist who offered her this glorious escape, stipulated that the wealth was only to be hers for two years, and thereafter cease to be unless he approved of her way of spending it. Consequently, Avis did not jump at the offer as I would have done—anything might happen in two years—but consulted her friends. One of them, a rising novelist, disapproved; the others told her to "jump."

So Avis "jumped" and found herself housed in a lovely chalet on the edge of a lovely lake. Nevertheless, she followed her own desires when she made the house a kind of rest-cure for, first her relatives, then her friends. She had not got, so to speak, an eye on what a philanthropist would surely approve most of all. Her friends and relations being rested, she applied through an agent for the names of anyone who required a period of peace amid beauty.

Well, most of the story tells of the various cures which Avis effected in these strangers, and its pretty sentimentality will surely win approval from thousands of feminine readers who like their sentiment with a touch of uplift and an occasional glimpse of sly humour. Only, let me add, that even Avis's happiness does not run smoothly all the way, because her income is suddenly stopped, and there is real suspense until it is restored again.

While I was reading it, I was all the time reminded of Elizabeth's famous story, *Enchanted April*, which contains much the same theme, but is infinitely more shrewd and amusing when dealing with human foibles. The authors of *Lake of Dreams*, however, merely invite one to share some of Avis's happy experiences, and I am sure lots and lots of readers will accept that invitation and be glad.



### On Long Island

Mrs. Frere (Pat Wallace) and her daughter, Elizabeth Wallace Frere ("Mouse" to her family), are sharing a house on Long Island with other British seavacuees. Mrs. Frere has her small son, Toby, there, too. She is the late Edgar Wallace's daughter; her husband is Public Relations Officer to the Ministry of Labour. Little Elizabeth Frere was a goddaughter of "Elizabeth," the late Lady Russell



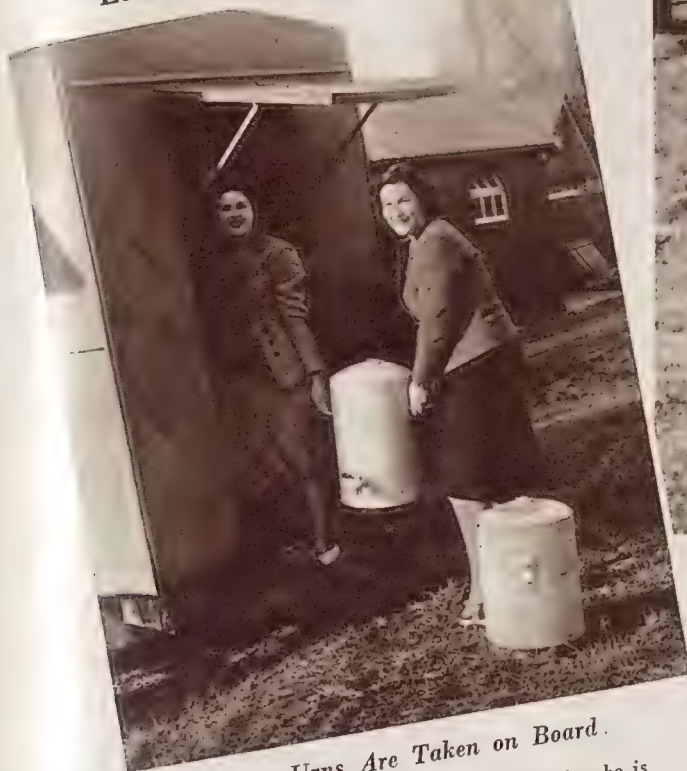
### On Whale Cay

The Lord Bishop of Nassau is with Miss Marion B. Carstairs, who owns the Bahamian island of Whale Cay, and has made an ideal settlement of her property. The Bishop, known as "John of Nassau," was a Naval Chaplain for many years. The photographer reports that he only looks severe because the sun was in his eyes



# Canteen in Berkshire

The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lloyd Thomas  
Looks After Local Troops



Tea Urns Are Taken on Board.

Mrs. Olof Wijk, the wife of Captain Wijk, who is serving with the Forces in the East, was Miss Rosemary Glyn before her marriage. She is helping Miss June Colledge to load tea urns on board the mobile canteen on which they are working.



The Staff Take a Stroll

The Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lloyd Thomas and her daughter, Angela, maintain and service a mobile Y.M.C.A. canteen to provide tea and refreshments for troops in the neighbourhood. This was given by the residents of Greenwood, Virginia, U.S.A. Snapped off duty are the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, Miss June Colledge, Miss Angela Lloyd Thomas, and Miss Hester Loyd, daughter of Mr. Arthur Loyd, of Lockinge House, Wantage, Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire.



The Canteen Manager

The Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas takes a pride in the appearance of the mobile canteen over which she presides, and is cleaning the plate showing the name of the American donors. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas is a sister of Lord Bellew and the widow of Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, C.V.O., who was at the British Embassy in Paris in 1935, and for some years assistant Private Secretary to the Duke of Windsor. He was killed in a steeplechase accident.



A Driver Off Duty

Miss Angela Lloyd Thomas, youngest daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas, photographed at Compton Beauchamp with her greyhound, Fairy. She is eighteen years old, and is busy with the mobile canteen, for which she acts as driver. She is studying painting at the Slade School at Oxford.



# Flying Party: Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham Entertains the Officers of a Polish Squadron



Lady Stanley of Alderley was one of Mrs. Smith-Bingham's "sub-hostesses" who helped entertain the Polish airmen



Viscountess Elveden, whose husband is in an anti-tank regiment, sat next an officer who had been decorated for valour

Out in the country Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham has adopted a Polish Squadron of the R.A.F., and keeps open house for them at her home, which is now the lodge instead of the big house of her and her husband's country place. Struggling with the complexities of the English language, the Poles have found a nice, simple name for her: they just call her "Maman." A week or so ago she gave a big party for her "children" in London, and invited all her women friends to help entertain the Polish airmen at the Dorchester. No names can be given for the Polish guests, as the information that they are fighting in Britain might harm their families still in Poland. The party, one of the gayest and most amusing that London has seen for many months, began with dinner, went on with dancing, and included "horse racing" with the girls from the Café de Paris cabaret

Photographs by Swaebé



A young flying-officer sat between Lady Patricia Gordon-Lennox, Lady Elveden's sister-in-law, and Mrs. Weir



Lady Willoughby de Broke, who flew over most of pre-war Europe with her husband, made easy conversation with her airmen neighbours



Mrs. Douglas Foster, a pilot-officer and Lady Brougham and Vaux were another trio of guests. Lady Brougham and Vaux's husband is in the Army



Another Polish pilot-officer sat beside Miss Elizabeth Profumo, and opposite them at the long table was the Countess of Jersey





**THE TATLER  
AND BYSTANDER**  
MARCH 5, 1941

*Left: Mrs. E. O. Bickford was a "sub-hostess." She is the widow of the late Com. Bickford, D.S.O., R.N., of the Salmon, was Valerie Courtney before her wedding last May*

*Right: Mrs. Sebastian de Mier, sitting next a Polish pilot-officer, is herself the wife of the only Mexican pilot-officer in the R.A.F. She was Mrs. Eve Richardson*



*Left: Lady Orr-Lewis helped entertain. She married Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis last year, was Mrs. Phyllis Allan*

*Right: Mrs. Carol Gibbons, F.O.W. Wittels, and Mrs. Bernard Rubin were neighbours. Mrs. Gibbons' husband came along later to help with the party*



*Below: Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham sits with her grouped guests. How much the Poles appreciate their "Maman" was charmingly demonstrated when they plotted that Mrs. Smith-Bingham should win the "ladies' race" on the Café de Paris hobby-horses*





# Spring England

"It was springtime  
Enhanced the ear  
bitter breath of  
A time when the  
the light, and m  
Children of earth  
the raw champai  
And wild things iss  
and stars in the  
How could so deli  
the toil they mu  
Unless between col  
this temperate  
And heaven held  
and comforted h

From "The G  
Book II," lines  
translation by C  
last autumn by J

Photographs b



*Cornwall—Blossom in the Valley of the Tamar*

## *Mending the Plough—a Devon Landscape*





ing in  
land

the great spring  
and spared it the  
east wind—  
first cattle lapped up  
themselves, arose from  
and forth in the wood,  
creatures endure  
and beat there came  
the earth in his arms  
er!"

*Memories of Virgil,"*  
333-345, in a new  
De lais, published  
Judson Cape (5s.)

by J. Dixon-Scott



*Sheep and Lambs in a West Country Lane*



# Sport and Sportsmen in Four Countries



## Scotland—Where Sportsmen, Stalkers and Gamekeepers Turn Their Skill to Home Guard Use

Among the lochs and glens and corries of the Highlands the Home Guard is full of men who get their peacetime living by knowing every rock and heathery hummock for cover and can worm their way like snakes, rifle in hand, up and down the steep hillsides. The Duke of Sutherland commands a Home Guard battalion in which these stalkers and gamekeepers march with crofters, farmers, and landowners whose knowledge of the countryside is scarcely less. He is in the centre of the picture, above, left, and with him are Viscount Chaplin (right), a Sutherland neighbour, and the latter's younger son, the Hon. Nial Chaplin. On the right a section of the battalion marches out behind two pipers for an exercise. For most Highland families, fighting for their homesteads against a merciless and treacherous enemy (some neighbouring clan) is no forgotten tradition



## England—Hunting in Oxfordshire

Lady Ashton of Hyde has taken charge of the Heythrop while her husband, who is Master, is serving as a captain with the Royal Armoured Corps. She was photographed at a meet at North Aston, near Deddington, with Mr. L. W. B. Nutting, of Nether Worton. Lady Ashton was Miss Marjorie Nell Brooks before her marriage in 1925



## England—Fishing in Hampshire

The Rt. Rev. A. F. Winnington-Ingram, formerly Bishop of London, has been wintering in Bournemouth, and opened his salmon-fishing season by killing two salmon (26 lb. and 19 lb.) at Christchurch on the Hampshire Avon. Mr. C. W. Randall, of Bournemouth (right), was his host. Next week the Bishop goes to Scotland to fish. He was eighty-three in January





### Ireland—A Point-to-Point and a Steeplechase Meeting Near Dublin

Poole, Dublin

Miss Mary McDowell and her brother, Mr. C. McDowell, were owner and rider respectively of *Ferdia*, which won the Maiden Race at the South Country Dublin Harriers point-to-point at Cheeverstown, Co. Dublin. This was the first point-to-point of the season in the Dublin district.

Mr. T. P. McMahon, here being led in on his own horse, *Tickalong*, by his brother, Dr. John McMahon, won three races at the Cheeverstown point-to-point. His other winning mounts were Mr. T. J. Taaffe's *Frisco Kid*, and Mr. T. H. Kellett's *Blaze of London*.

At the recent Leopardstown steeplechase meeting were Mrs. T. O'Sullivan, Lady King and Captain Sir James King, Bt., who was on a few days' leave from his regiment. Workman, Sir Alexander Maguire's Grand National winner, ran in the Ranelagh Chase that day, which Miss M. O. Mathieson's *St. Martin* won.



### America—Hunting With the Essex Foxhounds in New Jersey

The New Jersey hunting season is just over: Essex followers can go out three days a week from October to February. Here the big field splashed its way across a stream on Field Farm, the Far Hills estate of Kenneth B. Schley, who is Joint-Master with Anderson Fowler. Mr. Fowler himself hunts the pack, consisting in all of fifty couples, over the 20 by 25 miles of varied hilly country near Peapack, N.J. F. L. Winston is the hon. secretary, and William Thomas and Geo. Connor are kennel-huntsman and whipper-in respectively. The Essex was established in 1912.



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Wellington's Hounds

A VALUED hunting friend, whose historical knowledge is as deep as his enthusiasm is high, has put it that the Pau hounds may not be the direct descendants of the Iron Duke's pack, and has reminded me that the Royal Calpe ("Gib.") have also put forward a claim to be descended from hounds which Wellington imported during the Peninsular campaign.

This is not the first time that the Calpe claim has been put forward, but though the Duke may have given some couples of his hounds to the Gibraltar garrison, and also to the British Club at Cadiz, I think it is unquestionable that the Pau Hunt was first established by the Duke in 1814, at the period of the Nive, Nivelle, Orthez battles, and the passage of the Adour, when Soult and Reille were gallantly, but unsuccessfully, trying to stop the rot. Wellington's Pau Mastership (vide *Baily*) dates from 1814.

On the other side, and in favour of Calpe, is advanced the fact that "Gib." is much closer to Lisbon than is Pau in France, and that if Wellington had hounds during the Torres Vedras period (1810), it is probable that some of them did find their way to Gibraltar.

"Brigadier Gerard" (Marböt) offered to kill Wellington's fox for him with his cavalry sabre, and this was supposed to have happened whilst Soult was making faces at us in front of those heavy works which covered Lisbon; but against this we have the equally solid fact that Wellington

established a pack at the time of the Pyrenees campaign, and that, after his victories at Nive, Nivelle, and so forth, had more time for diversion than was the case before he had successfully driven Soult all across Spain and was fighting him in France. The pack he had may have been another one brought out via Santander, to which he was able to transfer his base, thanks to our command of the sea.

I think Pau must have the vote, and there is no question at all that Sir Victor Brooke, father of the C.-in-C. Home Forces, was one of the Masters who succeeded the Iron Duke. It may yet prove to be a coincidence of happy augury.

At the moment we are doing exactly what Wellington did in 1810, marking time behind these new and equally strong "Lines of Torres Vedras." Those old lines broke Soult, and eventually enabled us to chase him and Joseph Bonaparte out of all the territory they had occupied in Spain. Let him who runs read.

## Fox-catching in Wartime

IT can hardly be dignified by the title of "hunting," as most of us understand that sort of thing, for such operations as have been carried on have been with the sole object of competing with the roost robber in the interests of the poultry-farmer, and when hounds have been unable to keep pace with the necessities of the situation, "other measures" have had to be employed. For a clue as to what these have been, reference is suggested to the



## Christening at Cambridge

Elizabeth, the infant daughter of Lieutenant Richard J. Ritchie, the Wimbledon lawn-tennis player, and Mrs. Ritchie, was christened at St. Mary's Church, Cambridge. Mrs. Ritchie, formerly Miss Elizabeth Gordon, was married in February last year. Some six months previously her sister Sybil married Camille Malfroy, the New Zealand junior tennis champion and Cambridge tennis Blue

career of Marmaduke Muleygrubs, in that classic work *Handley Cross*.

To say that for these first two seasons of the war things have been difficult is a gross understatement. Next season, if it is conceded that all work and no play is very bad for Jack, they may be even more so. Every pack in both the Shires and the Provinces is cut down to the bone, very few, if any, hounds are fed on meal, and the boiler-houses are mostly out of action to save fuel. Hounds get their sustenance in the raw, and are invited to take their pick from a whole meat ration, a thing which, incidentally, is by no means bad for them, especially when the joint has been submerged in a stream and had all the impurities washed out of it. This will have to be the method until happier times come again, for there is no other one on offer.

## Hunting's Chief Champions

THE farmers always have been, and they always will be, fox-hunting's chief champions. The farmers are so keen on keeping it going, because it is one of the few compensations in their lives, that they have helped by trencher-feeding a part of some of the packs. In that northern peninsula of the Bicester country, the Saturday playground, farmers have lightened the load by trencher-feeding about a dozen couples, and I hear that this has been done elsewhere also. That is some indication of what they feel about it.

Many packs have lost their Masters, for most of them have gone battle-fighting. Mr. Field Marsham (formerly Bays, now in this new composite horsed cavalry regiment) is still nominally Master of the Bicester. Giles Courage, Brigadier-General, his Joint, had retired before the trouble



## Rugby Football at the Rosslyn Park Ground at Richmond

The Rosslyn Park v. Guy's Hospital match, played at the Old Deer Park, Richmond, resulted in 3 points all. P. F. Cooper, the Rosslyn Park captain, is seen with L. V. Cornish, a sergeant-instructor in the Physical Training Corps and three-quarters for Rosslyn Park.

Five players from the Army and the R.A.F. were included in the Rosslyn Park XV. in the match against Guy's Hospital. Mr. F. J. Lyall, hon. sec. for Rosslyn Park, and Miss K. Roberts were snapped with F. I. D. Priest, forward for Rosslyn Park and a Lieutenant in the R.A.O.C.





### The Oxford and Cambridge Cross-country Race at Cambridge

For the second year in succession Cambridge won the Inter-Varsity Cross-Country match, winning by 14 points. The team consisted of P. A. Howe, captain (Emmanuel), O. F. O. Womack (Selwyn), J. A. Waycott (Caius), G. H. Seale (St. John's), J. H. Glen-Bott (Emmanuel), C. E. Malloch (St. John's), G. L. Aitchison and I. S. Niven

Cambridge had the advantage over Oxford of being used to the heavy plough over which the 7½-mile race is run. The Oxford team included J. E. L. Pemberton (Haileybury and Keble), R. J. R. Rhodes-James (Queen's), G. F. Turner, E. N. Mackay (Wadham), C. P. Smith, P. Batterley (Brasenose), D. F. Pugh (Corpus Christi) and A. J. Keay (Wadham)

began, but Colonel Robin Buxton is carrying on in that delectable northern region, and Mr. John Dewar Harrison and Colonel Lloyd Mostyn in the south. They are lucky still to have their good huntsman, Clarence Johnson, for most packs have lost theirs and taken on sturdy dug-outs.

The Warwickshire, for instance, have lost little Gillson, who is a nephew of Frank Freeman, and his pupil, and they have got that distinguished veteran, Will Maiden, with Captain Bobbie Nickalls doing the M.F.H. side of it as best he can. They sadly miss his former joint Secretary, "The Admiral" (Sir Walter Cowan); and my latest news is that they are having a very hard fight to keep the flag flying.

The Quorn, Cottesmore and Belvoir have also had to work their passage pretty hardly, but they have kept going on a cub-hunting basis, and the same story comes from the Beaufort, down to two days a week instead of six. The Pytchley are in command of "Mr. Committee," both Colonel Jack Lowther and Colonel "Peach" Borwick having been engulfed in the maelstrom of war; and much the same thing is the case in the Grafton country.

### A "Bear" Story

THERE at one time was a fear that the Grafton's well-beloved "Bear" was lost. Lord Hillingdon, who was succeeded by his kinsman, Lord Cadogan, was serving in a mine-sweeper during the Narvik operations, and I hear that it was just the spin of a coin whether he ever came back. It was very gallant of him taking this on, for he is over the age when people are expected to indulge in that kind of war.

The Avon Vale, so long associated with that fine sportsman and good amateur huntsman, Lord Knutsford (in the times when he was the Hon. Thurstan Holland-Hibbert), are likewise gladdening the countryside by meeting unadvertised at some of their ancient trysts, and the story is much the same from everywhere that information has come my way.

Things are very different to what they were in the last war, because then we invariably had a lot of on-leavers out, who had come across from the more or less distant battlefields. Now few people get any leave, and the battlefield is here. Hunting in the actual front line has happened before, but that was in the times before heavy aerial artillery. Someone has just written

to me suggesting how things can go on in the future, but his letter is a bit lengthy and demands digestion, so for the present I am afraid we must whip off. I quite see, however, that carrying on is possible if we cut our coat to suit our cloth, and recognise the fact that everything depends upon the total elimination of a Third German War!

### The Treacherous Path of Prophecy

THE path of the racing prophet is probably more slippery than usual, since the old device of sending out every horse in the race, a different one to each of his confiding clients, will not serve where there is such a big "if" about it all. Certain flat-racing fixtures have been provisionally granted by the Jockey Club: Cheltenham, where they have just had a very good day's 'chasing, with the Grand National performer, Symæthis, giving us an earnest of her being well forward, has published the entries for three of the principal contests to be run at the big meeting in March, and we hope . . . but that is really all that we can do, for if military operations supervene, it will be "clear the track for the troops and everyone else stand fast." So, as will be realised, the perils of prophecy, which are

always very great, are somewhat intensified. The winner of last year's Grand National, Bogskar, is not entered in the race which attracts us most at Cheltenham, the Gold Cup, but even if he had been, I think I should have believed, as I do now, that Miss Dorothy Paget's exceptional young 'chaser, Roman Hackle, would be entitled to first choice. When he won this race last year by ten lengths with his ears cocked, most people said, "A second Golden Miller"; and I think that verdict is a correct one. This year's opposition is formidable, more so than it was last year, with horses like Kilstar, Savon (a recent winner at Cheltenham), Paladin (owned by a very popular personality down Warwickshire way) and Symæthis included; but if ever anyone saw a 'chaser of real class, I think they did last year in Roman Hackle.

However, as has just been said, it is all so much in the air that any expression of opinion may be completely fatuous. And this applies equally, of course, to any opinion about Bogskar's chance in the National Hunt Handicap 'Chase on the 19th. Lord Stalbridge's candidate won the 1940 Grand National like a racehorse, and he has not a more formidable opposition to beat now.



### Officers of a Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry

Stuart

Back row: Sec.-Lieut. D. A. Neale, Sec.-Lieut. J. Kailofer, Sec.-Lieut. R. H. Regnart, Sec.-Lieut. R. H. R. Robinson, Sec.-Lieut. J. F. Gedge. Centre row: Sec.-Lieut. T. Coates, Sec.-Lieut. G. Blagdon, Captain I. S. Turnbull, Sec.-Lieut. J. N. Wheatley, Sec.-Lieut. W. A. Blackett, Sec.-Lieut. G. P. Chambers, Sec.-Lieut. D. H. Claye, Captain P. H. Bower. Front row: Lieutenant (Q.-M.) W. G. Stray, Captain C. Taylor, Captain G. C. Reay, Major R. S. McLaren, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel C. W. Beart, M.C. (Commanding Officer), Captain G. T. Ferguson, Captain C. F. Duggan, M.C., Captain R. I. Pitt, Captain L. H. Wilkinson, R.A.M.C.



# Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

G1

ONE of the more hilarious rites of spring is the measurement of gravity at the National Physical Laboratory. It is a rite which affects closely the pilots and air crews of the Royal Air Force, for the airman is constantly coming up against gravity, or "g," as he calls it, and getting entangled with Einstein and the four-dimensional continuum. Whether the experts of the N.P.L. will be observing gravity this year I do not know; but they used to do it at intervals, and present a delightful picture to the imagination of the irreverent.

One could think of them in full regalia, trooping out and probably gazing down into a deep hole in the ground and holding a lump of lead over it, and saying: "Yes, it feels a bit heavier to me this year. What do you think, Jones?"

Anyhow, they have sometimes, greatly daring, published the figures, and some time before the war—that was to have ended wars—but didn't, there was a sensation when a serious discrepancy was found between two observations.

One year gravity was measured at 981.19 centimetres per second, per second, and the next year it was found to be 981.195 centimetres per second, per second. At Potsdam, as the experts remarked at the time, it was 981.274 centimetres per second, per second; but then, one would expect it to be a bit stodgier there.

Whether gravity is going to the dogs or not seems still uncertain, but I suspect that it is not what it was when we were a

lad. Airmen find it just as troublesome, however, and I should think it is that that has given rise to the report that one of the new German machines has the pilot lying down.

## Bed-ridden Air Crews

It has been shown—paradoxically enough—that for standing up to big values of "g" on turns made at high speed, the lying-down position is better than the sitting-up. The pilot can take a lot more without "blacking out" or going unconscious.

But the snag is that he must be lying on his back and not in the prone position. It would be comparatively easy to design an aeroplane with the pilot prone, and yet to give him a good outlook and to make him fairly comfortable. But if he has to lie on his back, the problem is much more difficult.

Anyhow, speeds will soon be such that the pilot who can take more "g" will have an advantage over his opponent in combat. He will be able to turn inside him. For it will be the pilot's limitations and not those of the aircraft that will determine the smallest radius on which the machine can be turned.

One alternative proposal is for a sort of collapsible seat, like a deck-chair gone wrong, which would enable the pilot to spread himself out if he found it useful during a fight. Here, however, the practical problems are still enormous, and I am inclined to think that, however attractive

the prospect of putting "g" in its place, it will be a long time before we succeed in doing it.

## No Paris

It is annoying to those who served in the Royal Flying Corps in 1914-18 to hear the tales of the Germans in Paris, and to learn of the solemn, methodical way in which they are attending the theatres and other entertainments there.

Paris full of English and American tourists may be pretty bad, but Paris full of Germans is revolting. The Germans should keep to the battlefields they create so assiduously, where they appear as entirely appropriate figures, and avoid the centres of civilisation, humanity and pleasure.

No spectacle in the whole world is more incongruous than a party of German tourists in Paris. It cannot be believed that the grotesque humour of it will escape the French, even in their present troubles.

But there is one thing about the German occupation of Paris that must not escape notice. It is that it provides them with a safe place to which they can turn when they go on leave and where they can find rest and entertainment.

## No Fun

WE have no such place of escape. That is why this war, as I pointed out the other day, tends to be rather grimmer than the other, although the casualties are so much lighter. There is no fun to be had. Leave does not enable officer or man to get out of the black-out.

Indeed, he may find that London, or whatever city he chooses to go to, is a good deal more in the war than the aerodrome he leaves behind.

That is why I welcome the Morrison move to open theatres and the rest of it on Sundays. If we are to keep ourselves mentally fit enough to stand a long period of this kind of war, there must be fun. There must be amusement for those who are on leave from the Forces, and for the civilians who are suffering bombardment.

There has been much too much gloom during the past year, and much too little done to relieve it. Entertainment of the lighter kind; the music-halls, the floor shows and night clubs, must be developed and encouraged. In periods of safety we put up with a good deal of killjoy stuff; but in war it must be eliminated because it is just as damaging to the national effort as reasonable publications.

## German Air Strength

It is satisfactory that, at last, the various conflicting views as to the strength of the German Air Force are sorting themselves out, and that we are getting at something like agreement between the experts.

It seems that the first-line German air strength is actually below 5000 aircraft. People who have been fed on enormous figures may look on this as small. But, in fact, an air force of this size is enormous. There is nothing in that information to lead us to complacency; rather the reverse.

At the same time it does seem that in fighter strength we are now matching up to the German strength well. The only trouble is that the responsibilities of the Royal Air Force in other parts of the world are daily increasing, and that in consequence it is difficult to be sure that the Germans will be met by strong forces wherever they may attack. However, this time we are not simply waiting. Captain Balfour has pointed out that we are also on the offensive.



Wing Commander D.S.O.

For brilliant leadership against superior enemy formations; for determination and coolness, Wing Commander Horace Stanley Darley, a Londoner, won the D.S.O. He is leaving the Palace with his wife after receiving his award



Flight-Lieutenant D.F.C.

Mrs. Willcox accompanied her husband, Flt.-Lieut. E. P. Willcox, when he was decorated with the Distinguished Flying Cross by the King. This award was given in recognition of gallantry and devotion to duty in air operations



## Newly Decorated



Flt.-Lieut. Fulton, D.F.C., Flt.-Lieut. Athol Stanhope Forbes, D.F.C., Mrs. Forbes, and Flt.-Lieut. John Wolferstan Villa, awarded the D.F.C. in October and Bar a month later, had been to the investiture at the Palace. Flt.-Lieut. Villa, who comes from Penrith, Cumberland, secured valuable photographs and displayed gallantry in flying operations



After a recent Investiture Squadron-Leader T. S. Rivett-Carnac, D.F.C., Mrs. Gordon, sister of Squadron-Leader Mitchell, Squadron-Leader Victor Mitchell, another sister, Miss Mabel Mitchell, and his brother, Captain W. D. Mitchell, of the Seaforths, were photographed together



Colonel P. H. W. Hicks, M.C., Royal Warwickshire Regt., was awarded the D.S.O. His daughter, Pamela, held the Order received from the King



Surrounded by admiring friends, Lieut.-Com. A. D. Parkinson, D.S.C., Royal Naval Reserve, showed the Cross and Bar awarded to him for bravery and skill in mine-sweeping operations off the coasts



The C.B.E. went to Miss M. Maxse, Children's Overseas Reception Board, and to Lady R. Balfour of the Scottish W.V.S.



(On right) Miss E. Hamilton, with her brother, Rear-Admiral Louis H. K. Hamilton, D.S.O., and her mother, Lady Hamilton, left the courtyard after the Admiral had received the Bar to his D.S.O. for services rendered near Narvik, off the coast of Norway, when in command of H.M.S. Aurora

(On left) Commander John Norman Benbow, R.N., who was awarded the O.B.E. (Military Division) in the New Year Honours, was snapped outside the Palace with his wife, Midshipman son, and daughter





## The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

*The Man Who Lived Alone*

By Ursula Bloom

Illustrated by Hart

IT was Mrs. Bates who came for the doctor. A wispish creature, Mrs. Bates, slatternly, untidy, who lived in a slatternly and untidy cottage, but who "did" for Vane Hobson. Little boys in the village called him the "hermit." He never came out of his house; peculiar, of course, and changed with the moon; had lived there for years, and painted pictures, rumour said.

"Oh, he's a comic, but all right if you know the way to take him," Mrs. Bates said, but not to the doctor. She knew that the doctor's wife had known Mr. Hobson years ago, when he had been half-starved in Chelsea; she had picked it up from "bits what he let drop." Mrs. Bates was very good at picking up anything that came her way. "He's queer," she told the doctor. "I can't do nothing with him."

"I'll come," said the doctor. His wife, Elizabeth, who was feeding the thrush that she had in a cage in the living-room, was reproachful.

"When I knew Vane he was quite dotty; he sounds dottier now. I wouldn't bother about him."

"It's part of the doctor's duty to bother about people."

"And never get paid for it," said Elizabeth with some bitterness. She was a social climber and resented being married to a man who had not got very far. She liked to know people who did things, and got things for doing things.

The doctor went to see Vane Hobson, not without interest. The man was queer, of course, living all alone like that, and Mrs. Bates probably the only person who had ever seen him. But as a doctor, queer people interested him. Also Elizabeth had been so very scathing. She had turned Vane down in Chelsea in an era before it was fashionable to wear a beard and sandals, and rent a basement studio.

The cottage where Hobson lived was ordinary. Mrs. Bates let the doctor into the living-room, very clean, very bright. He had the impression of bare, distempered walls, of deep red rugs on a dark floor, of polished wood and pewter. Then he saw the pictures. There was no doubt about it: the man was a genius—under his fingers paint became live. The canvases breathed. Over the mantelpiece was a woman's head. Elizabeth as she had been five years before the doctor ever met her. High cheek-bones and grey eyes with fire in them, dark red hair and full red mouth. She smiled at him. Then she had not been a social climber. She had had other dreams, and her husband knew it.

He went upstairs and he saw Vane Hobson—a small, lean man, with a gaunt face and eyes that burned. He was very ill.

"You can't stay here unless you consent to a nurse seeing after you," said the doctor. "Come, now, you must be sensible."

"I'm happy here. It's simple. I like my own company," and he looked out through the window. The doctor saw green fields in which white woolly lambs played, and a ditch with the palm in blossom.

"It isn't good for man to be alone," said he.

"I like being alone," said Vane Hobson. Something had to be done, and the doctor decided to think it over. He went back home and consulted Elizabeth. Elizabeth might have told him that the man was a genius. Why, if only he could be persuaded to show his pictures he'd be one of the greatest artists of the year!

Elizabeth looked at him. She said: "You remember Cousin George?"



*They went to see it on Private View Day*

The doctor had some memory of a nasty little man with screwed-up eyes. He said so. Elizabeth silenced him with a look—one of those hard looks which she had never known at the time Vane had painted that picture of her. She had a scheme. Cousin George was on the hanging committee of Burlington House: he was always hoping to find "finds." Supposing they suggested to Vane that he came here to be nursed, got Cousin George down, and then were the sponsors for having launched a genius on to the world?

"I—I'd rather not," said the doctor.

Elizabeth was furious. "You've no ambition—no imagination! You tie me to a country practice, and don't care how wretched you make me! Aren't men selfish?"

The doctor had long ago given up arguing with Elizabeth, and later in the afternoon he fetched Vane Hobson in the ambulance.

"You used to know my wife. Her portrait is downstairs and she wants to help nurse you and make you well again," he said.

Vane Hobson felt so ill that he did not argue. He allowed himself to be taken away in the ambulance and installed in the gaunt, spare room at the doctor's. When Elizabeth came in he took one look at her, and only his eyes spoke.

Elizabeth made a fuss. She hung round him. She was so good to him, and only her husband knew that it was because she expected some grand return for all this. Later, when he got better, Vane Hobson turned a weary face to her. "You remind me of somebody I once knew."

"I am the somebody you once knew. I'm Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth was tender and very sweet. Please don't destroy that dream. Her values were real values."

She did not understand. He got up and tottered to the room where the thrush moped in the cage. Elizabeth was trying to teach it to take seed out of her hand, but the thrush wouldn't; it just stared with listless eyes at the hawthorn tree in flower beyond the window; it was thinking of a dead dream, shaped like a nest.

Cousin George arrived. Vane Hobson talked pictures to him and consented to an exhibition. All the time Elizabeth was floating about and making suggestions and seeing that everybody fell in with her suggestions. She was responsible for the exhibition in the end, for the notices it got, and she took all the kudos to herself. She had "found" Vane.

The exhibition made him great. Living alone, he had lost heart and had never shown his pictures. He hadn't wanted to because he had been content with Mrs. Bates, and the cottage, and letting life slide by. Suddenly he was a great man.

"You will stay here and paint your picture for next year's Academy," said Elizabeth. She had taken to doing her hair a new way, and she hoped that she would be the picture.

"I can't paint here," said Vane restlessly. "I want to be alone."

"Oh, but that's nonsense! You need people to give you inspiration."

He looked at her dully. "We have such different standards," he complained. "You are what the world has made you."

"What absurd things you say!"

"You like publicity and excitement and money. None of those things matter to me."

"But you've got to have money to live."

"Have you?" he asked.

He was rather a nuisance in the house; she made up her mind that he was being deliberately trying. And after all they had done for him, too. Without her he would never have got anywhere, never have done anything. She had produced him.

She was very angry, and made allusions to people who bit the hands that fed them.

On the day when Vane went back to his cottage the doctor half-apologised. "Perhaps you're right, better alone. Sometimes I think people know what is best for them."

Vane Hobson went back to his cottage. "He's painting ever such a picture for the Academy," said Mrs. Bates.

"Just as though he couldn't have done it here," complained Elizabeth. "All that nonsense about people not being inspiring, and not caring about publicity and money."

"What's the picture of?" the doctor asked Vane Hobson, but he never said.

They went to see it on Private View Day. Vane wasn't there. It had pride of place, and people crowded round it. They did not know what it meant. It was a picture of Elizabeth with her face grown hard and set with middle age, and she was feeding the thrush who looked longingly towards the hawthorn tree. Nobody knew which the title referred to. Vane had called it "Crucified Dream." . . . [THE END.]



# Restorative Sleep-

## is Vital to Everyone To-day

**I**N times like these your health, cheerfulness and confidence are national assets. No matter where your duty lies, fitness-for-service should be your chief concern. And a vital essential for 100 per cent. fitness is *restorative sleep*.

**'Ovaltine' Sleep is restorative sleep of the best possible kind.** A cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' just before retiring has three important advantages :—

1. Although entirely free from drugs, its special properties help to relieve nerve-tension and induce sleep quickly.
2. It provides valuable restorative nutriment which repairs and rebuilds the worn cells and tissues of the body.
3. It supplies re-vitalising nourishment which re-creates strength and energy while you sleep and so brings you back to work with renewed drive and zest.

Even when your sleep is broken, 'Ovaltine' enables you quickly to regain sleep and derive the utmost benefit from it.

**The exceptional restorative properties of 'Ovaltine'** are due not only to the nature and high quality of its ingredients but also to the proportions in which they are used and the exclusive scientific methods of preparation.

**For these reasons "Ovaltine" is your best stand-by** in all conditions. Its regular daily use will help to make your dietary complete in health-giving nourishment. It is the ideal beverage for vacuum flasks or "hay-bottles" for use in your shelter or on spells of fire-watching and other defence duties.

'Ovaltine' is easily prepared. If milk is not available, water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. If making with water only, use rather more than the usual quantity of 'Ovaltine.'

**But be sure it is 'Ovaltine,'** which is very different from imitations made to *look* the same. It would be easy to cheapen 'Ovaltine' by adding household sugar in its manufacture. It is more economical, however, to add sugar at home if desired. Note especially that although 'Ovaltine' does not contain household sugar, it is naturally sweet and the addition of sugar is unnecessary.

Drink  
Delicious

# Ovaltine

for Restorative Sleep  
and Abundant Energy

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1d., 1/10d. and 3/3d.

P569A



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



**Bundock—MacLean**

Captain Thomas Gordon Bundock, Royal Warwickshire Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bundock, of Aviemore, Surrenden Road, Brighton, and Fiona Jean MacLean, daughter of Colonel A. C. H. MacLean, of Balhallach, Fulmer Road, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks., were married at the Royal Military College Sandhurst



**Evan-Jones—Yates**

Cecil Evan-Jones, Gordon Highlanders, son of the late E. Evan-Jones, and Mrs. Evan-Jones, and nephew of Sir Alan and Lady McLean of Littlewood, and Eileen Marjorie Yates, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. J. B. Yates, of Ardhuncart Lodge, Mossat, Aberdeenshire, were married at St. Andrew's, Alford



**Powell—Clifton**

Captain Radclyffe Edward Crichton Powell, R.E., son of the late Radclyffe L. Powell, and Mrs. Powell, of Banstead Grange, Banstead, Surrey, and Ann Clifton, only daughter of Sq.-Ldr. and Mrs. Noel Clifton, of Summerpool Cottage, Bramley, Surrey (formerly of 7, Malvern Court, S.W.7), were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



**Max-Muller—Carey**

Major Charles Max-Muller, elder son of Sir William Max-Muller, former British Minister in Warsaw, and Lady Max-Muller, and Margaret Jaquine (Peggy) Carey, youngest daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. H. E. Carey, of Watgate House, Bulford, Wilts., were married at St. Thomas's, Salisbury



**Hussey—Brereton**

Sec.-Lieut. John Roberts Hussey, the Green Howards, son of J. Hussey, of Crowborough, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Hussey, and Cicell Juliet Brereton, daughter of J. L. Brereton, of Gorse Hill, Instone, Devon, and Mrs. Wilson, of Salters Manor, Rotherfield, Sussex, were married at St. Denys', Rotherfield



**Dugdale—Corbett-Winder**

Capt. John E. M. Dugdale, Royal Welch Fusiliers, only son of Major and Mrs. W. M. Dugdale, of Llwyn, Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire, and Clulow Riba Lillah Corbett-Winder, only child of Captain and Mrs. F. F. Corbett-Winder, of Glan Rhieu, Berriew, Mon., and Brereton Hall, Sandbach, Cheshire, were married at St. Benno's, Berriew



**Law—Goff**

Sub-Lieut. Ronald P. Law and Anne Goff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Goff, of 85, Bedford Gardens, W.8, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the son of the late Horace Law, of Dalkey, Co. Dublin, and Mrs. Law, of 1, Great Minster Street, Winchester



**Haddock—Sinclair**

Royston O'Neile Haddock, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. John D. Haddock, of Rathgar, Dublin, and Rosalie Helen Sinclair, of Lenhurst, Harrietsham, Kent, elder daughter of the late Colonel H. M. Sinclair, and Mrs. Sinclair, of Sutton Courtenay, Berks., were married at Watlington, Kent

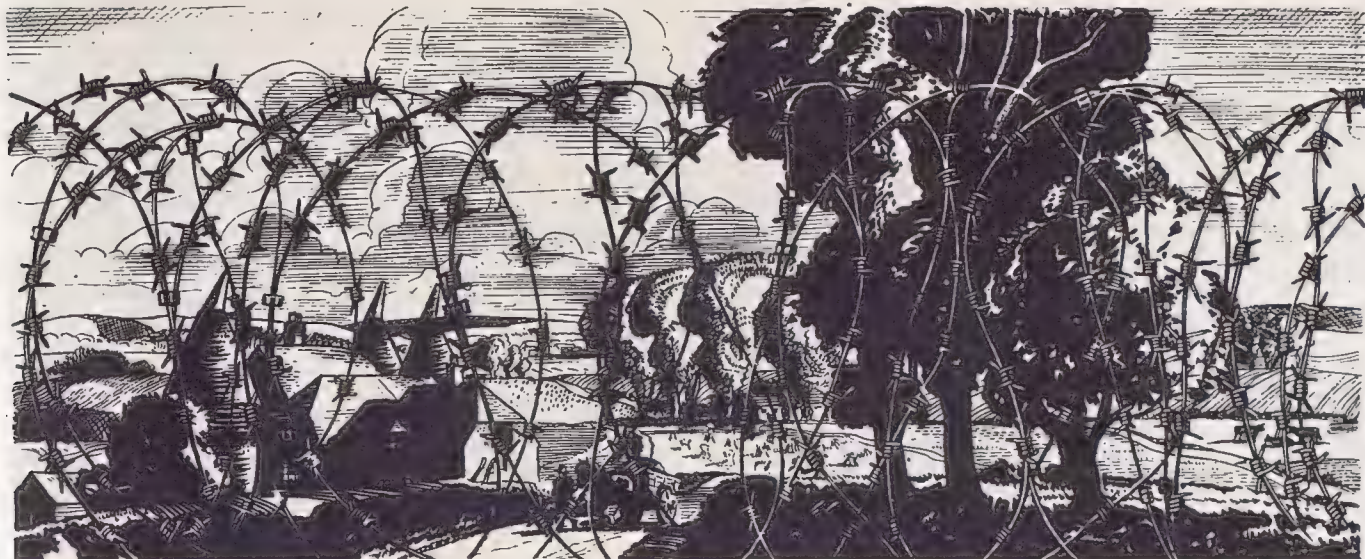


**Spinks—Fawcus**

Instructor Commander Eric Ingham Spinks, R.N., and Rosemary Ursula Fawcus, daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Harold and Lady Fawcus, now of North Lodge, Inwoods, Rugby, were married at St. Mark's, Bilton, Rugby. He is the son of the late Ingham Spinks, and Mrs. Spinks, of Hallcross, Inwoods, Rugby

(Concluded on page 358)





## The Future beyond the Fortress

In the armed camp which is England the group of companies controlled by Viscount Nuffield is occupied night and day in producing war material with ever-increasing momentum. This vast Colony under the Crown, with a population running into many thousands, and with interests widely spread throughout the Empire and beyond, which, only yesterday, was engaged in the production of a major part of this country's motor transport, is a very representative cross-section of our war-time community.

Listen to the conversation of those who are workers by day and guardsmen by night. They, no less than their Leaders, realize that the manufacture of weapons

of destruction is but a dark interlude in the immutable path of the nation's destiny. Britain's wealth of technical knowledge and skill, its stability and its ideals of freedom and decent behaviour — these are among its most valuable contributions to mankind. And the Nuffield Group, aware of its responsibility as a power house of these forces, is planning now, under the clouds of war, to bring them into even fuller play in the happier days which will be ours when victory is won.

And it will bring to the rebirth of automobilism in this country a wealth of new technical experience that will consolidate its position as the major influence in British Motoring.

### THE NUFFIELD ORGANIZATION

MORRIS MOTORS LTD. • WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. • THE M.G. CAR CO. LTD. • RILEY (Coventry) LTD. • MORRIS COMMERCIAL CARS LTD. • MORRIS INDUSTRIES EXPORTS LTD. • S.U. CARBURETTOR CO. LTD. • MECHANIZATIONS & AERO LTD.





## Getting Married (Continued)



Kenyon Wellington

### Hollebone—Ashworth

Captain Edward Jeffrey Hollebone, R.A., and Audrey Ashworth were married at Langford Budville, Somerset. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Trevor S. Hollebone, of High Clare, Claygate, Surrey, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ashworth, of Langford Court, Langford Budville.



### Phillips—Mackenzie

Sec.-Lt. Coningsby D. Phillips, K.O.S.B., son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Phillips, of the Grange, Eastwood, Notts., and Ruby Mackenzie, daughter of the late J. C. Mackenzie, I.C.S., Burma, and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Edinburgh, were married at the Church of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh.



### Stewart—Moffett

Sec.-Lt. Ian Benson Stewart, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, son of Dr. G. B. Stewart, of Poplewith, Constantine, Falmouth, and the late Mrs. Stewart, and Jean Elizabeth Moffett, daughter of the Rev. Joseph Moffett, Minister of Crown Court Church, and Mrs. Moffett, of 2, Tavilion Street, W.C.1, were married at Crown Court Church.



### Burmester—Griffin

Paymaster-Lieut. Rodney Burmester, R.N.V.R., only son of Admiral Sir Rudolf and Lady Burmester, of Washington House, S.W.3, and Marguerite Yvonne Nicholl Griffin, only daughter of Ernest Griffin, of Corners, Llandaff, Glamorganshire, and the late Mrs. Griffin, were married at St. Fagan's, near Cardiff.



Norman May

### Goodbody—Thompson

Sec.-Lieut. K. Goodbody, the Buffs, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Barrington Goodbody, of Cork Hill, Clara, Offaly, Eire, and Sheila Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. L. Thompson, of the Spinney, Malvern, Worcestershire, were married at Christ Church, Malvern.



### Young—Cunningham

Sec.-Lt. R. N. Desmond Young, Irish Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Young, of Culdaff House, Co. Donegal, and Mary Cunningham, daughter of the late A. Cunningham, and Mrs. Evelyn Cunningham, of Canley, Selsdon Road, South Croydon, and sister of Flight-Lieut. Cunningham, the night-fighter pilot D.F.C., were married at Chelsea Old Church.



### Bell—Pickett

Sec.-Lieut. A. M. Bell, R.A., son of Mrs. Osborne Bell, of Wimbledon, and Barbara Yola Pickett, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Pickett, of Cross Ways, Radlett, Herts., were married at Christ Church, Radlett.



### Holmes—Grierson

Major Whitaker Holmes, M.C., and Joan Grierson were married at St. Saviour's, Warwick Avenue. He is the son of the late Rev. A. J. Holmes, and Mrs. Holmes, of Kirkella, East Yorks. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Grierson, of 3, Warrington Crescent, W.9, and Mill Cottage, Chilton Foliat, Berks.



### Tuttle—Ramsay

John Cecil Tuttle and Nora Sharpley Ramsay, daughter of Sir Alexander and Lady Ramsay, of Belmont House, Guildford, Surrey, were married at the Church of St. John the Baptist, Bisley. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, of New Barnet.



"Correct, sir?"





# Bubble and Squeak

## Stories From Everywhere

A GERMAN 'plane had been shot down and the pilot, who baled out, reached terra firma badly wounded. He received due care and attention at the local hospital, and the doctor finally said:

"There now, you're all right. You'll be a better man than ever you were before."

"How is that?" asked Fritz.

"Because, my lad," said the surgeon, slapping him heartily on the back, "I've pumped a pint of good Jewish blood into you!"

A YOUNG Polish pilot attached to the R.A.F. wished to send a message of goodwill to a friend in a squadron detailed for a special job.

The message he wanted to give was "God preserve you," but not knowing how to express it in English, he consulted a Polish-English dictionary. That dictionary gave him a choice of two words—"preserve" and "pickle."

He chose the wrong one.

A NEWSPAPER reporter was invited to take his first aeroplane trip with a stunt flier for the films. He was filled with dismal foreboding which increased when a parachute was strapped on to him and he was given careful instructions regarding its use. The stunt man also wore a parachute, and when he put a heavy leather coat on over it the reporter asked nervously: "How can you use the parachute with that coat on?"

"Oh," replied the pilot nonchalantly, "I'd have plenty of time to take the coat off when we fell."

They went up and flew for several minutes, until, feeling warm, the stunt man began to remove his coat.

"Hot, isn't it?" he said genially, but there was no reply. The reporter had jumped overboard.

THE boy in the R.N.R. was determined to give away no secrets belonging to the British Navy, even to his best girl.

To her question, "What do you do on board?" he replied: "Wash down the decks," and to the next question, "What do you do after that?" he was ready with: "Oh, I clean the brasswork."

But when she persisted, "And after that?" he was nearly stumped.

"Then," he said haltingly, "then—well, I sweep the horizon."

A N.A.R.P. warden was giving his household an elementary lecture in case of air raids.

Afterwards he said to the young maid: "Is it all quite clear, Mary, what you have to do in case an incendiary bomb falls?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, but rather doubtfully, "but it's going to be a sticky business using that there syrup pump!"

THE drunk hailed a taxi and fell into the back seat.

"Shay, driver," he ordered, "drive me around the block a hundred times."

The driver was startled, but he obliged just the same. Around and around the block they went. And on the sixty-fifth trip the drunk leaned forward.

"Step on it, buddy!" he hiccupped. "I'm in a hurry."

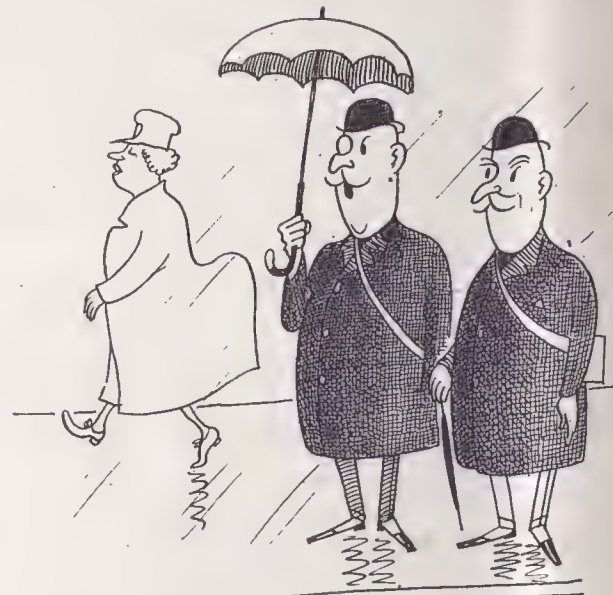
"MAN overboard!" came the cry. Instantly all was commotion. Boats were lowered and a search was made in vain. Then the roll was called and the mystery deepened. All were "present and correct."

At last a very scared-looking A.B. approached the officer of the watch.

"I think, sir, as 'ow the man overboard must ha' been me," he said. "I went over, but I managed to grab the anchor-chain and climbed in again."

"Then why didn't you report to me at once?"

"I would ha' done, sir, but being in one of the lifeboat's crews, I had to go away to look for a man overboard."



ACANTHUS

"No, I think it's her Tin Hat"

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, set out with a companion one afternoon to attend a tea at a house where he had been once before. When they reached the right street, Sir Arthur could not remember the house-number.

"Never fear. I will find it," he said. Then he proceeded to walk up to each door, give its boot-scraper a gentle tap with his foot, and listen closely to the tone it gave out.

"Here we are," he said finally. "E flat—I remember the note from my last visit here."

"I KNOW I'm an old-fashioned mother, but I should like to know where you go," said Mrs. Blank to her daughter.

"Of course, darling!" replied the girl. "Last night I dined with Flight Lieutenant—well, you don't know him, but he's awfully sweet—and we went to several places I don't suppose you ever heard of, and finished up at a funny little club, but I didn't hear its name. All right, Mummy?"

"Of course, dear. I just like to know."

THE small boy was usually restless in church, so his mother was pleased one Sunday morning to see him sitting with clasped hands and bowed head throughout a long prayer.

When later she expressed appreciation of his attentive manner, the boy's face softened with a pleasant memory.

"That fly," he chuckled, "walked in and out of my hand exactly two hundred and sixty-five times!"



"My idea is some kind of giant fly-paper suspended from balloons"





THE ROOTES GROUP OF COMPANIES has spread its influence and its products throughout the world. Its growth and success have been founded upon a basis of financial and industrial stability, energy and enterprise, as demonstrated by the consistent progress and popularity of Humber, Hillman and Sunbeam-Talbot Cars, Commer and Karrier Commercial Vehicles. Today, in

the many Rootes factories, as well as in the Air-Frame and Aero-Engine Plants under their management, all energies are directed towards speeding the Nation to Victory through increased production. Their thousands of operatives take pride in that service to the Nation which has distinguished the Rootes Group from its very inception.

### The Rootes Manufacturing Companies

#### HEADQUARTERS

Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London

#### CARS

Humber Ltd.  
The Hillman Motor Car Co. Ltd.  
Sunbeam-Talbot Ltd.

#### COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

Commer Cars Ltd.  
Karrier Motors Ltd.

#### AIR-FRAME AND AERO-ENGINE

Rootes Securities Ltd.,  
Aircraft Division

CARRIAGE-BUILDING  
Thrupp & Maberly Ltd.

#### OVERSEAS

Buenos Aires, Johannesburg, Calcutta, Sydney, and Distributors throughout the world



**THE  
HIGHWAY  
OF  
FASHION**  
By  
**M. E. Brooke**



# SPRING *Parade*



Now that the days are lengthening, women are seeking furs that are decorative. Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, have answered their call by the bolero above and the coat on the left. The former is of chinchilla-dyed ermine; it gives a delightful finish to any dress, while a strong point in its favour is that it will wear remarkably well. The long coat is of beige dyed Chinese lamb, and has been described as a "sensible," or "off-duty" coat. Note the clever working of the skins



Another new note in the furs in the Debenham and Freebody salons is the working of "shorn" beaver coats in chevron lines. Some are short and some are long. Natural racoon is being shown, and there are various shades of American opossum, introducing a blue tinge. For the youthful there is natural Virginia fox, while the older woman will revel in the South American skunk capes treated to have the appearance of stone marten. Hoods are still an important feature of many of the models

Scotland has contributed the soft wool tweed which makes the three-piece above from Harrods, Knightsbridge. Even in these strenuous days detail is never neglected by the creators of fashion. For instance, the buttons of the coat are threaded with ribbon. The suit and wrap coat can be bought separately, as the latter is of a decidedly non-committal character. Furthermore, there is an infinite variety of admirably tailored suits of the classic persuasion, a feature being made of checked or striped coats with plain skirts





*Yes, it's a Eugene every time*  
**MY HAIR IS PRECIOUS!**



**'ODD'**  
**COATS**  
 •  
**SUITS** •  
 AND  
**GAY MACS**



# SPRING

## *Sunshine & Showers*



Every woman knows that a Henry Heath (172 New Bond Street) hat has a special allure that is decidedly its own. Generally speaking, it is made of felt and as the brim is adjustable it can be arranged on halo lines or turned down when it casts becoming shadows across the face. A Henry Heath model is seen above. The felt is of such a character that the inclemencies of the weather have no deleterious effect on it. Another point in its favour is that it may be rolled for packing. Quills and breast plumage are used for decorative purposes, and crowns gartered with ribbon.

Proofed showermacs are to be seen at Fenwick's, 62-63 New Bond Street. A checked affair is pictured on the left, reinforced with a proofed velveteen hood. It is a study in black and white and is pleasantly priced at 39/6. There are plain ones, also with hoods, for 29/6. Again there are fluffy coats that may be slipped on in the fraction of a second, as well as the six-way coats which are of much interest. They have met with a great success and so have the jigger coats. They are warm, light and perfectly ventilated.



Flowers and tailored suits are synonymous with spring sunshine. Jaeger (204 Regent Street) have designed and carried out the lightweight tweed suit above. It shows a multi-coloured design, arranged diagonally on the pockets. The skirt is cut on slender lines, nevertheless the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. Here are likewise to be seen the much talked about "odd" coats. Ultra smart are those that are knee-length, with bloused backs and tailored collar. Whipcord is a material that is being warmly applauded for the fashioning of them.





Quintessence of youth—the most enchanting bolero suit you ever saw! Demure little tailored blouse and matching jacket—cuffs of striped cotton. Slim skirt with buccaneer belt makes your waist look tiny. Navy wool with red striped blouse, black with blue, lacquer red with blue. Hips 36, 37, 39. From the Suit Shop.

9½ gns.

Tiny Sailor in cotton to match blouse. To order from the Hat Shop.

49'6

*Harrods*

HARRODS LTD  
LONDON SW1



MARSHALL &  
SNELGROVE

## BLENHEIM

Suit yourself this spring. This distinctive model is in Check Saxony Suiting in Blue/Red, Brown/Green, and Nigger/Beige. Sizes 37, 38, 40.

6½ GNS.

Can also be obtained in Navy, Grey, and Light Blue flannel. Letter orders receive special consideration. Write for Suit booklet.

Lailoring for Spring  
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE  
OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

## Way of the War

(Continued from page 327)

Balkans. These were the circumstances in which Mr. Eden slipped quietly away from London, lurked for several days in a south-coast hotel waiting for weather conditions permitting the start of his flight, paused at Gibraltar to talk with Sir Samuel Hoare, our Ambassador to Madrid, and flew on down the Mediterranean to Cairo.

His purpose and instructions are not hard to divine. Indeed, much has already been revealed in reports from Ankara and Athens. Greece, now menaced from the north by German armies assembled in Roumania, would certainly need outside aid if she were not to be overwhelmed. Britain has guaranteed her the fullest aid. Hitherto it has been at Greece's own request that British forces acting with her have been confined to those of air and sea.

## Turkey's Will to Fight

MANY people do not realise that Turkey's treaty obligations towards Greece are confined to a pact of mutual assistance in resistance to aggression by Bulgaria. This "Balkan Pact" in which Yugoslavia and Roumania were also partners, was devised under the impelling drive of M. Titulesco, the one-time versatile Foreign Minister of Roumania, who was so often in the diplomatic limelight in the days when Geneva was the accepted forum of world affairs.

Lately one has heard much interested if half-informed speculation on the lines of "will Turkey fight?" It seems to have been assumed that she would not do so because she has not already declared war on the Axis, and has not chosen to declare publicly the scope of her zone of national interest. Since all the Balkan peoples are agreed that Turkey has never fallen short of her undertakings, since we know that Turkey concluded her alliance with Britain and France frankly and realistically in her own interest, there seems to be no present ground for these misgivings. On the contrary, nothing could have been less in the Allied interest than that Turkey should plunge herself into war, thus precipitating the new struggle with Germany, a moment before the Allied plans were complete.

In these days of difficult communications there is much to be said for committing little to the cable or wireless and reserving the most secret discussions of war policy and strategy for personal conclaves. Those three extra precious weeks gained for us by Wavell's men are proving a source of acute embarrassment to Hitler. They compelled him to put up a tremendous show of readiness and intention to occupy Bulgaria a fortnight ago. At the same time indiscreet correspondents were reporting that German bombers were trying to break up the ice higher up

the Danube while the Nazi staff on the Roumanian banks was watching anxiously for the moment when it would be safe to throw pontoon bridges across the river.

## Change of Address

The offices of the "Tatler and Bystander" have been removed to:—

Commonwealth House,

1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1

Telephone: Holborn 6955

## Acting Foreign Secretary

IN the absence of Mr. Eden from London Mr. Churchill has been taking an active part in the conduct of urgent foreign affairs. Although no announcement was made in that sense

it was obvious that he had temporarily assumed the duties of Foreign Secretary. In one day last week he received the Japanese and Turkish Ambassadors and the Greek Minister.

Mr. Churchill's talk with Mr. Shigemitsu was evidently conducted in the most friendly atmosphere, but one gathers from the Japanese side that this did not prevent the Prime Minister from explaining in some of his finest and most sonorous phrases exactly what Britain and the United States feel about Japan's threatening speeches and acts in the Far East. The Premier was naturally at pains to point out that such reinforcement in all arms as has been undertaken by the Imperial and United States Governments could not, by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as menacing to Japan. But they were obvious precautionary measures in face of Japan's action and diplomacy in all that part of the world.

At the same time Mr. Churchill took the opportunity to hand over a note in reply to one addressed personally to Mr. Eden by Mr. Matsuoka, the Japanese Foreign Minister. Mr. R. A. Butler told the House of Commons subsequently that the Prime Minister had made it clear that Britain could consider neither compromise nor parley in the matter of the struggle upon which she is engaged with Germany and Italy—a struggle which Britain is calmly confident that she will win. Without doubt Mr. Matsuoka was informed that, in light of the old friendship existing between Britain and Japan, we should deplore the extension of the war to include her also among our enemies, even though, in Britain's confident calculation, this could make no difference to the ultimate outcome.

We must hope that one day these notes will be published. I feel that a document on such a theme, penned by Mr. Churchill at the present moment, would contain much that is encouraging couched in fine and impressive language.



# Tropical lightning!

Officers, off East, will find that at Moss Bros. they can collect a complete (and correct!) tropical outfit before they can say, "What the Duce!" They will find here everything necessary and they will not be saddled with anything unnecessary. And—it almost goes without saying—behind every item of tropical kit is our tradition of over 50 years' outfitting the Services.



**MOSS  
BROS**

& COMPANY LIMITED

**COVENT  
GARDEN**

CORNER OF KING ST.  
& BEDFORD ST., W.C.2

TEmple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also 315 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester; The Hard, Portsmouth. And at Boscombe, Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shrivenham and York.

*The Horizon*



**FUR 365 FELTS**



"365" FUR FELTS ARE STOCKED BY ALL  
HIGH CLASS MILLINERS AND STORES.

SIZES 6 $\frac{3}{4}$  and 7

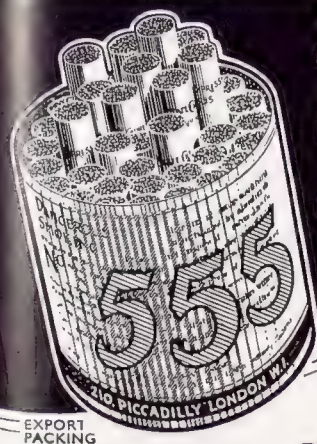
Distributed by **WOOLLEY SANDERS & Co., Ltd.**, Great Marlborough Street,  
London, W.1.

**Mr. S. Salisbury** the well-known Ladies' Tailor, late of 20 Savile Row, W.1, begs to inform his clients that new showrooms are now established at

**409 HOLLOWAY ROAD, LONDON, N.7**  
(facing Nag's Head)

Ladies' Suits, Spring Coats and Riding Habits cut and fitted by Mr. A. and Mr. S. Salisbury, Gold Medalist Cutters and Lecturers to London Tailoring Societies, who offer you the same personal service and consideration to which you have been accustomed. Prices from 6 guineas. Call and see the large selection of fine quality suitings, including "Fintex" and "Sportex" cloths.

For telephone enquiries please ring North 1945.



*Smokers who desire  
the best  
ask for—*

**STATE EXPRESS 555**

STATE EXPRESS 555 cigarettes have always been the best at any price. Their consistent high standard of quality is still maintained and they are the natural choice for those who gladly pay that little extra to obtain the best cigarette in the world.

*The Best Cigarette in the World*



# Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

**A** REIGNING champion is always news. Having written that, I begin to wonder whether the verb ought to be in the past tense. As an ex-champion wrote me the other day "golf is such an unimportant subject these days," and even the most assiduous of Press photographers let golfers do pretty much as they like without so much as an unpermitted snap.

All the same, it is much to be hoped that we shall soon see one of Miss Pam Barton in her new role in the W.A.A.F., which service she has just entered after a year and a half of ambulance driving in the London area. Miss Barton has had the grimmest of experiences, in common with every one else who has come through the blitz in all its phases, and the golfing world will wish her the best of luck as a radio operator, the branch into which she is going.

Mrs. Golden—who was Mary Beard—and has actual flying experience to help her on her way—will be with Miss Barton now, but where, is as yet not disclosed.

Miss Chambers and Miss Julia Hill are back in Birmingham after six months in Newcastle-on-Tyne, which sounds a trifle nearer London and their friends, though still a bit removed.

## GOLFERS' SPITFIRE FUND

No deduction for expenses, 90% to purchase of Spitfire, 10% to R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Donations may be sent to Miss Helme, here. Acknowledgements in *Fairway* and *Hazard* only. Closing date, May 1st

Who, one wonders, will turn up for the extraordinary annual meeting of the L.G.U., which is being held at 39 Eccleston Square today (March 5)? The quorum is a modest dozen, the agenda equally curtailed, all in perfect keeping with war conditions.

The item which will no doubt appeal most to the world at large, otherwise all the 1,369 affiliated clubs, will be the adoption of the report, which makes known the fact that for this year their subscriptions will only be one-third of the full rate, an even greater reduction than last year's half subscription. This has been made possible because all outstanding and non-recurrent financial liabilities have been met during 1940, and the reduced income is estimated to be sufficient for 1941.

It seems a really magnificent proof of what store clubs set by affiliation that during the past year only three resigned, twenty-three were removed, twenty closed, and the membership of eight declared in abeyance; one overseas club

was elected and the membership of one is in abeyance. Of course we all growl and grouse about the L.G.U. at intervals—what true Britisher ever failed to do that about his government or any other treasured institution, but no bones are broken by a little healthy controversy, not to be confused with lack of appreciation.

(Concluded on page 370)



Mr. A. C. Grover and Miss Kathleen Garnham

The well-known golfer, Miss Kathleen Garnham, has recovered from a severe attack of typhoid, and is now driving a Y.M.C.A. mobile canteen car north of London. She had tea with Lieutenant A. C. Grover at the Officers' Sunday Club party given to the Royal Netherland Forces at Grosvenor House, Park Lane

# molho

DESIGNS THIS ELEGANT  
BOLERO IN NATURAL SUMMER  
ERMINE PASTEL SHADE

39 GNS



WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

# molho

5, DUKE STREET,  
MANCHESTER SQUARE, W.1  
TELEPHONE: WELBECK 5891

Greenwood

# Uniform by Garrould



These very practical garments  
will look just as smart in wear  
as the illustrations imply.

From our large selection  
will be found a Style to  
Suit and a Size to Fit. Write  
for our beautifully illustrated  
catalogue sent post free.

Apron 731. Made in a good  
wearing check design, British  
Organdie, trimmed with a plain  
rucked hem, extra long ties. Also  
beige. 3/3

Cap 435. To match apron 1/11½  
Set 190. For V neck 2/3½

Gwendoline. Well fitting style,  
opening front of bodice, V neck  
with two inverted tucks running  
from neck to hem of the semi-  
flared skirt, piped round waist  
giving a slimming effect. Made  
in pure Botany wool matalaine.  
Colours: Wine, saxe, brown, dark  
green, olive green, rust, grey,  
Marina blue, light navy, navy,  
and black. Women's sizes 39/6

The above prices are inclusive of Tax.

Catalogue in full colours, post free.



E. & R. GARROULD LTD., 150-162 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W.2



**HAPPY EVENT!**

A MOTHER-TO-BE, and she looks her prettiest! The camouflage of her DU BARRY suit with self-adjusting skirt and specially balanced jacket is so good that Anne always feels poised and "right," never unhappily self-conscious. All DU BARRY MATERNITY MODELS are designed on a patented principle which makes them comfortable and concealing. Come and try on some of the really smart styles or send for beautiful folio of designs. Suit as sketched 79/6. Attractive dresses from 2 guineas.

(Right) showing simple but ingenious expanding device, patent No. 2811.



**Du Barry**  
MATERNITY WEAR

A.M. Bazzard 1360

Dept. T, Suite 4 (Adj. Regal Cinema)

DU BARRY, 8, 10 MARBLE ARCH, LONDON, W.1

**The Friend that Never Fails**

Friend of the penniless, the young, the old, the sick, the friendless, the fatherless... The friend quietly waiting everywhere to help and cheer the unfortunate... The Salvation Army. Please remember the work it is doing—and help!

Gifts and Inquiries welcomed by  
GENERAL GEORGE L. CARPENTER  
101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4  
**THE SALVATION ARMY**

**The TATLER and BYSTANDER****IN WARTIME**

OWING to the paper shortage it is essential to place a standing order with your newsagent to make sure of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER each week.

By a Paper Control Order, the output of British paper is drastically restricted and all publications are compelled to exercise the strictest economy and in future no periodicals can now be stocked for casual sale. It is therefore imperative to place an order for your copy each week.

Those desiring to have THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER sent to friends in neutral countries should send a subscription to The Publisher, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. Subscription rates are given hereunder:—

**Published at 1/- Weekly**

	12 months including Xmas Number			6 months including Xmas Number		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Inland	3.	3.0		1.12.9		
Canada	3.	0.8		1.11.5		
Elsewhere Abroad	3.11.9			1.17.2		

# Classical Tailored Suit at Finnigans

*Finnigans specialise in harmonious ensembles — from shoes to hat*



This exceedingly smart braided suit is tailored to measure for you. Inclusive of purchase tax it costs **eighteen guineas 18 GNS**

All accessories are also to be had from Finnigans

## Finnigans

*and a handbag-of course!*



The elegant handbag illustrated might almost have been specially designed to go with the braided suit. Ask to see it when you call. It represents true Finnigan value at the price of . . . 90/-

FINNIGANS LTD

17-20 NEW BOND STREET. LONDON. W.1 Phone: REG. 0906

## Designed exclusively for the Fuller Figure



This smart two-piece has been designed for many occasions. The bolero coat is lined with the same contrast as the bodice. Beautifully finished, in the following colour combinations—black/ice, black/dusty pink, brown/turquoise, navy/ice. Hip sizes 44 to 48 in. **6 Gns.**

Hip sizes 50 & 52 in. to special order **7½ Gns.**

Full Size Salon—Third Floor

**Swan & Edgar**

Piccadilly Circus, W.1



# Women's Golf

(Continued from page 368)

THE agenda has a recommendation from the Emergency Committee that a contribution be made to the Golfers' Spitfire Fund from the funds of the L.G.U.—a recommendation which there is no need to say wakes a grateful note in the hearts of that fund's organisers. It is proposed also to carry on the good work for the Red Cross by means of the brooch competitions. Last year the L.G.U. voted £100 for the expenses of these; only half has been spent, and the result for the Red Cross has been over £1,000—a return for outlay which would seem to put the L.G.U. high in the ranks of financiers.

Altogether, if there should be no blitz that particular morning, the L.G.U. office ought to house a very cheerful little gathering, when to see such friends as may have been able to get there will be a real treat. Surrey and Lancashire will, of course, hurl threats at each other over their inter-county contest of donations per head of membership for the Spitfire Fund; one contribution reached the treasurer last week with a defiant "This is only sent to put Lancashire on top of Surrey!"

ANOTHER note was struck by a contributor who wrote from Northern Nigeria: "I wish I could send £1 for every round of golf I've played—but I fear it can't be done—and this small sum will have to serve as a token of all the fun I've had and hope to have. I trust the plane or planes will win many matches, and I know it will help to bring us back that life we love when golf can be carefree, serious, card and pencil or whatever we may choose."



*Patsy Berg Demonstrates*

The young red-haired golfer who won the United States Women's Championship in 1938 was giving a display of her skill to a group of students at Compton Junior College in California

THERE are moments these days when far-flung outposts of the Empire feel nearer than Scotland or Ireland and no more inaccessible. So Scottish news is doubly welcome—news of Miss Nan Baird in the A.T.S. in Edinburgh, enjoying life immensely and looking extremely well on it; and of Mrs. F. G. Neilson and Mrs. Wallace Williamson, also A.T.S., and also in Edinburgh. Mrs. Durward, whose kindness no Tatler and Bystander Foursomer at Gullane would ever forget, is serving in the W.R.N.S.; Miss Robertson Durham is a cipher officer in the W.A.A.F.; Miss Helen Nimmo, Senior Commandant of the A.T.S. in Stirling, a rank she has held since 1938.

Over in Eire Miss Dorothy Pearson is helping Lady Headfort with her Comforts Fund, which has sub-depots all over the place and has already sent over 8,000 gifts to the Forces.

"Each of them doing their country's work," they earn the country's thanks and all the golf they can get now—which is pretty well nil—or may get after the war, which we hope will be plenty.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1 to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY  
THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON  
MARCH

Name { Mrs. ....  
          { Miss .....

Address .....

**J. Roussel**  
LTD



## IN A GOOD CAUSE

If Roussel Belts are harder to get today—it's all in the cause of England's victory. But in another good cause—that of making your present Roussel Belt serve you much longer than you thought it would—we have planned a new *Wartime Service*. Bring it to the nearest Roussel shop and let us tell you how it can be repaired and restored to almost its original goodness. We promise you a quite pleasing economy.

J. ROUSSEL LTD. 177 Regent St., London, W.1 Reg. 6571

## ELFIN HAT

An Inexpensive  
Hand Finished  
FUR FELT

Also available  
in PEACH BLOOM  
VELOUR

Stocked in  
10 Shapes  
and  
9 Colours

Sizes  
6¾ 6⅞ 7 7½



Model 589  
(as illustrated)

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL THE BEST LONDON & PROVINCIAL HOUSES

Wholesale and Export only:

16, 17, 18 HOLLEN ST., LONDON, W.1



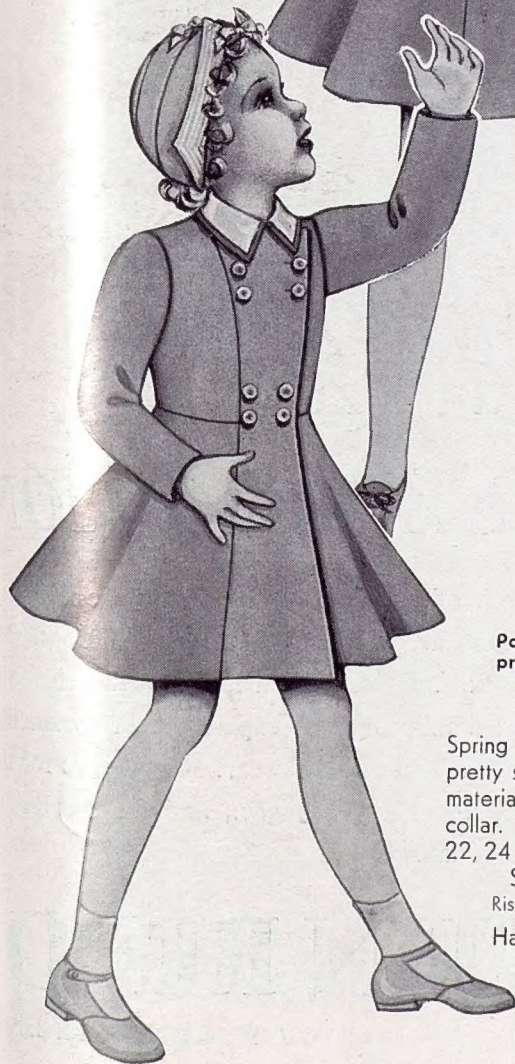
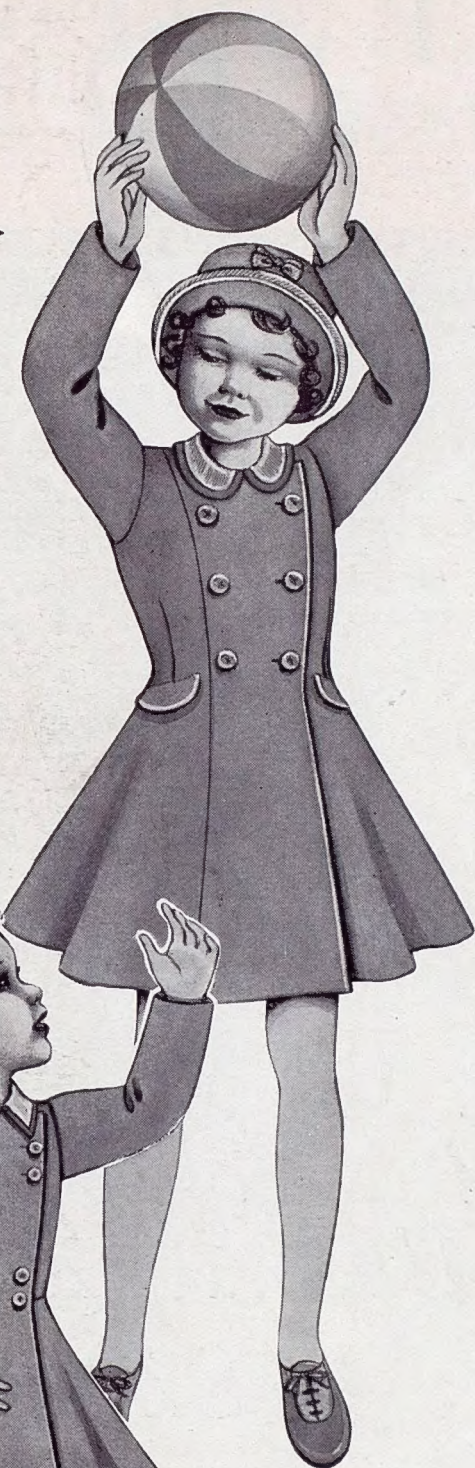
# New Spring Coats

CHILDREN'S  
CLOTHES  
Third Floor

Smartly tailored coat, with flared skirt, finished corded collar to tone. In deep powder blue basket weave. Sizes 18, 20, 22, 24, 26 and 28 in. Size 18 in. **94'6**

Rising 5' - each size.

Hat to match **39'6**



Post orders receive  
prompt and careful  
attention

Spring coat for little girl in pretty shade of blue novelty material, detachable piqué collar. Sizes 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 in. **74'6**

Size 16 in.

Rising 5' - each size.

Hat to match **33'6**

## Suitable for Spring

This simple, but well cut, Tailormade in a firm worsted hopsack is sketched from the new collection now being shown. Price **11 Gns.**



## MAISON ROSS

19 and 20 GRAFTON STREET, W.1

Model 2212



Fur Felt "Breton" with  
petersham cockade at  
side front - - - **29/-**

OUR SPRING MODELS ARE NOW AVAILABLE. AGENCIES EVERYWHERE



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

# Henry Heath Ltd

105-109 OXFORD STREET, W.1.

172 NEW BOND ST., W.1 • 456 STRAND, W.C.2 •

# Debenham & Freebody

Langham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)



*'Quality  
Tells'*



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY  
**VAT 69**  
Sanderson & Son, Ltd.  
DISTILLERS  
LEITH, SCOTLAND

*Sanderson's*  
**LUXURY BLEND  
SCOTCH WHISKY**

**VAT 69**

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD. LEITH



## GREATCOAT SATISFACTION

An officer in search of a greatcoat may choose one in our Uniform Department, among a great variety of fittings. Our greatcoats are the finished result of a lot of work behind the scenes; of unhurried tailoring; of experience in forestalling the stress and strain of continuous wear. Greatcoats for the Army 10 gns., for the Navy 10½ gns., and for the R.A.F. 10½ gns., inclusive of tax.

## AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

BATH, BELFAST, BIRMINGHAM, BOURNEMOUTH, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW,  
LEEDS, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, NORWICH, NOTTINGHAM, OXFORD

*Opened specially for the Services:*

Aldershot, Amesbury, Droitwich, Llandrindod Wells, Richmond, Yorks  
*Opening shortly:* Alton, Staffs, Grantham, Lines, Hove, Shrivensham



# MORNINGS WHEN YOU WAKE UP TIRED

These days when you wake up tired, when you've had little sleep and feel that little has done more harm than good, here's a certain way to feel refreshed and alert in a few minutes.

It's all proof you're suffering from what doctors call an "acid condition," brought on by constant disturbances or overwork or through something that has upset your system, and it's no good taking anything just to relieve your head, unless you remove the cause at the same time.

To get really well, to have a clear head and a brain that's alert and active, to prevent that headache coming on again, you've got to counteract that acidity, and 'Bromo-Seltzer' is the way to do it.

A sparkling, refreshing glass of 'Bromo-Seltzer' shifts the worst headache in a few seconds, and at the same time definitely counteracts excess acidity. Remember, 'Bromo-Seltzer' contains no aspirin, and it has no awkward laxative effect. It's a grand two-fold remedy for Headaches, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Tiredness, Indigestion, and the effects of too much work, worry, smoking, drinking, etc.

Get a bottle of 'Bromo-Seltzer' from Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, Heppells or any chemist today. If you don't find it the best headache cure you ever tried, get your money back.

**WANTED**  
**FURS & FUR COATS**  
Highest Prices Paid  
**SEND TO-DAY**  
We refund carriage and make offer per return  
**CHILD, 32 Hill Street, Birmingham**  
Est. 45 years Bankers: Lloyds



**RIDE AND KEEP FIT**  
**THE BEST WARTIME SERVICE IS TO KEEP IN GOOD HEALTH. RIDING IS THE FINEST EXERCISE FOR FITNESS.**  
**All Riding Requisites**  
—good value and low charges.  
**To Measure**  
Jodhpurs 34"-to 75/-  
Breeches 30"-to 65/-  
Jackets 63"-to 126/-  
**Ready to Wear**  
Jodhpurs 45/- & 55/-  
Breeches 40/- & 50/-  
Jackets 55/- to 87/6  
**Children's Riding Outfits—a speciality**  
Goods sent on approval against suitable references

During the War—Address for Post Orders and patterns: Cromwell House, Dept. 86, Sutton Road, Watford, Hertfordshire.

**Bedford Riding Breeches & Co.**  
19 NEW QUEBEC STREET MARBLE ARCH - LONDON  
Two minutes from the Marble Arch

**TITLED LADIES' GOWNS**  
COATS, COSTUMES, GOWNS, etc., new or worn once, by HARTNELL, STEBEL, etc., also direct from Eminent Houses. Our prices 2-8 gns. no tax, approx. quarter original cost. Fur Coats, etc.  
**REGENT DRESS CO.**  
Piccadilly Mansions, 17 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. (Next Cafe Monico.)  
Gentlemen's Dept.: New Savile Row Suits, Light Overcoats, Uniforms, etc., next floor.



"That's quite all right it's **Sportex**"

"**SPORTEX**" never loses its poise in the hurly-burly of present-day existence. For it is a cunningly-made fabric, specially woven to withstand shock tactics in town and country. It has surprising strength. It has a luxurious peace-time look and texture, and an ability to wear and wear which measures up to your war budget. Good tailors have "Sportex" patterns for men and women.

*Scotland's hardest wearing cloth*

**VICTORIA HOTEL**  
A.A. R.A.C. FULLY LICENSED  
Equipped with every up-to-date convenience. Spacious Public Rooms, self contained suites, also many Bedrooms with Private Bathroom and Toilet. Vita Glass Sun Lounge, Cocktail Bar.  
**FACING DUE SOUTH AND THE SEA**  
THE VICTORIA IS CATERING FOR PRESENT-DAY NEEDS  
The amenities and Mild Climate of Sidmouth are well known.  
FOR BOOKINGS and FULL INFORMATION, WRITE RESIDENT MANAGER.  
Telegrams: "Victoria, Sidmouth."  
Telephone: Sidmouth 811 (2 lines)  
**SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON**

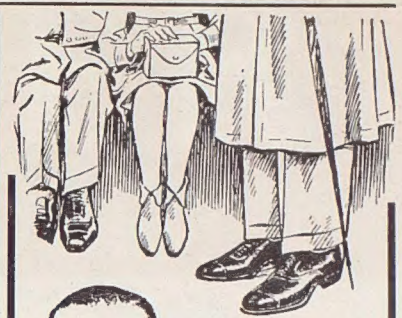
IF THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

**CHUBB SAFES**

IF THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH

**THE NURSING PROFESSION**  
needs recruits for war work now and for national service in the reconstruction period.  
Educated girls wishing to qualify as nurses can obtain full information about training and individual advice on the choice of a training school at the  
**NURSING RECRUITMENT CENTRE**  
(King Edward's Hospital Fund for London)  
21 Cavendish Sq., W.1 Tel.: LANGham 4362

Known for 25 years as **SPETON**  
**GYNOMIN**  
Regd. TRADE MARK ANTISEPTIC TABLETS Brand Pronounced GUY-NO-MIN  
**Endorsed by Medical Profession**  
British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., 94 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.  
Free on request in plain sealed envelope, Brochure T.2. —"Planned Parenthood."  
**OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS**



H.L.S. says: Do your "strap-hanging" in comfort—

—wear **WEARRA** shoes  
Wartime means extra strain on the feet. All the more reason to have Shoes that really fit. Wearra Shoes, being made in sizes and half-sizes, with slim, medium and broad fittings to each, give you your precise size in both length and width.  
Correctly made in all details, from the softest of calf leathers (tan or black) in three smart American-styled models.

**Wearra**  
MULTIPLE FITTING  
**SHOES FOR MEN**  
Send a postcard for free illustrated booklet "Footwear since the World began," also name of local stockists, to the manufacturers,  
**JOHN SHORTLAND LTD. (Dept. T)**  
Irthlingborough, NORTHAMPTONshire.

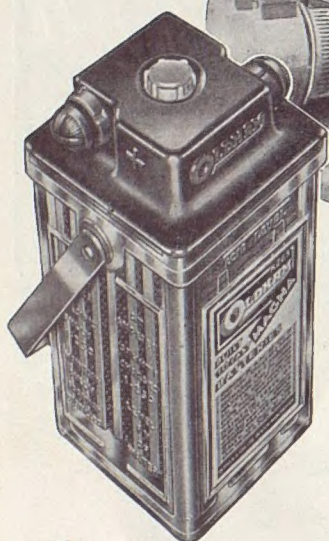
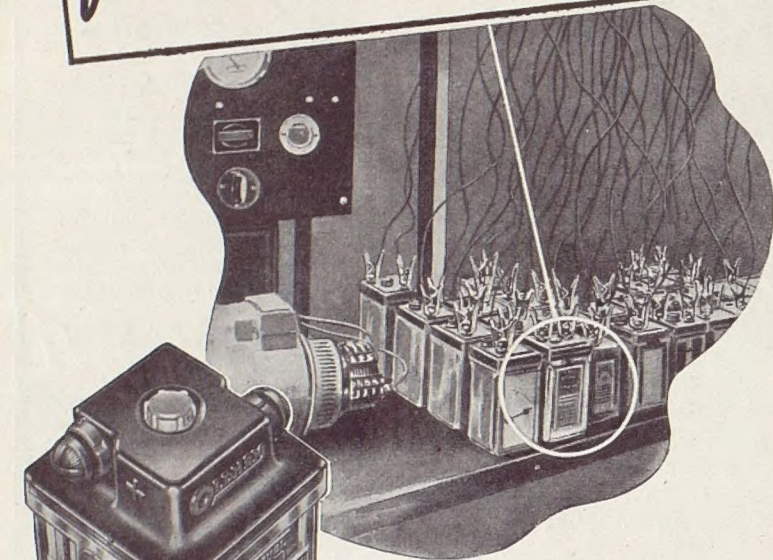


HATS BY  
**Battersby**  
LONDON

The Guaranteed  
**VENIDA**  
**HAIR NET**  
from Boots, leading Stores and Perfumiers  
VENIDA LTD., 60 Poland St., LONDON, W.1



*Somebody may be  
missing his  
favourite programme*



M.45. The well-known "thick" plate type. 9/3 (Plus Purchase Tax).  
Plus 75. "Interleaved" plates for high discharge. 13/6 (with Clock 14/9). (Plus Purchase Tax).

ACCUMULATOR 'capacity' determines the length of time your Wireless Set will operate before a recharge is necessary. The bigger the accumulator—the greater its capacity—and the longer it will run your Set. But, there is usually a limit to the amount of space available for the accumulator in your Wireless Cabinet.

So Oldham have now included a new type of Accumulator which actually gives 25% more listening hours per charge without any increase in size.

Think what a boon this can be to you—a reserve of 25% more capacity which will reduce the number of visits to the charging station, and ensure that you will not run the risk of missing your favourite programmes.

The Oldham "Magna"—25% more capacity in same size—easy-to-connect—short-proof terminals—detachable plated handle. PRICE 11/6 (with Capacity Clock 12/6). Plus Purchase Tax

with  
**OLDHAM**  
**EXTRA-CAPACITY  
ACCUMULATOR**

*more listening costs less*

*Largest used Electric Safety Lamps in Great Britain*

OLDHAM & SON LTD. · DENTON · MANCHESTER · EST. 1865

## Boundless goodwill

In the big ships and the little;  
in wardroom, mess and canteen;  
in office and workshop . . .  
Player's are welcomed. Every  
moment, every day, in a domain  
bounded by no particular rank  
or station, Player's bring infinite  
pleasure, composure and com-  
panionship . . . Such popularity  
is a measure of their quality.

*Player's  
Please*

★ It is now more than ever necessary to empty your packet at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS

NCC 548H